JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 1, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

No. 1272
Vol. XLVIII.

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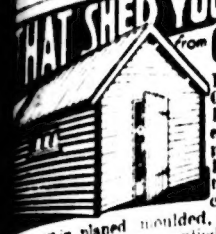

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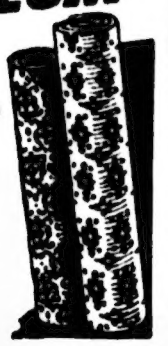

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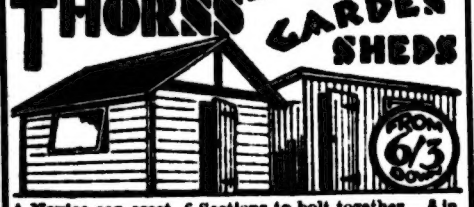

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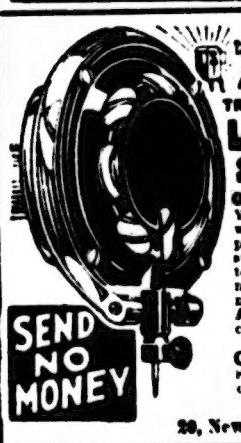

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Please send me Free Art Plates of "Miracle" Sets.

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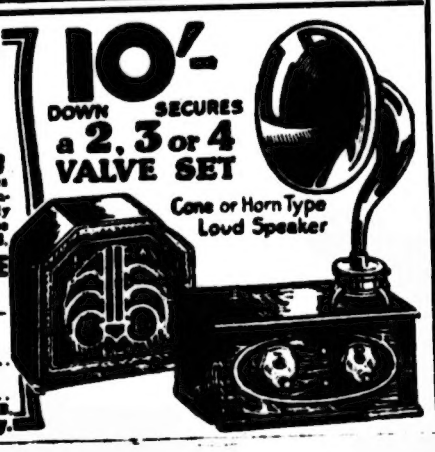

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THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Nov. 1, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

...nds across the sea

The King Ends the War!

THE King's spontaneous expression of sympathy to President Hindenburg on the terrible mining disaster of Alsdorf has created a deep impression throughout Germany.

It is the first time since 1914 that a British Sovereign has sent a message of friendship to the head of the German nation.

* * *

With his unerring perception of the moral fitness of things, His Majesty—only a leader of the people—has swept away the last quibbling diplomatic impediment to free intercourse between two great peoples.

* * *

The usual courtesies exchanged between heads of States were in abeyance in respect of Germany because Hindenburg remained on the "Black List" of "War Criminals." Reconciliation is now complete.

Fits of despond

The German disaster, incidentally, compels us to reiterate the fact that seven lives are lost in our own mines every two working days, and about 500 miners injured *every day*.

It is a terrible toll.

Mr. Shinwell, the Mines Minister, is doing his best to get safety committees on a proper scale set up at every colliery. We are uneasy at the delay. To us it seems ungrateful and inhuman.

Meanwhile, the trade slump has again wiped out profits. The reorganisation advice of the Samuel Commission has been mainly ignored and the old, futile wage-cutting solution put forward.

What a mess!

You pay

We charge the Board of Trade with being guilty of flagrant waste of public time and money in connection with the enquiry—if such it can be called—into the wreck of the yacht *Islander*, in which Commodore Douglas King, M.P. lost his life.

At the inquest the jury found there was a laxity in the placing of the "watches" of the coastguard; the coroner added that "the look-out on the coast was not all that it should be," and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, an impartial witness, stated that the present system of coast watching and patrolling was inadequate.

Since the Board of Trade is responsible for these services a serious charge lay at its door. What happened?

Pooh-Bah, 1930!

The Board itself appointed its own Wreck Commission to investigate the Board's alleged inefficiency. The Board's own commissioner sat with the assessors. The only counsel briefed represented the Board.

What a farce! The prisoner in the dock, as it were, trying himself for an offence through which lives were lost!

Here is a case where Mr. MacDonald must intervene. *We* know that the coastguard service is inadequate. So does the Board of Trade. A second and sensible enquiry must be held, or we shall have more to say.

A rival for Monte

Important concessions of land on the white shores of Tangier Bay have been granted by the Sultan of Morocco for the building of an hotel and casino which a British syndicate hopes to make a rival to Monte Carlo.

Only three days from England and a few hours from Madrid, the resort should be popular; though it's quicker to lose your money at Le Touquet!

A kindly light

If Britain decides to build a memorial on the ground where the *R101* crash occurred, opportunity for which has been proffered by the municipal authorities of Allonne, let it take the shape of an aerial lighthouse.

On the direct London-Paris air-route, this dangerous ridge near Beauvais has long been noted by pilots for its turbulent aerial regions.

If, in future, it is marked by a floodlight as a warning to storm-bound airmen, those who went down with the *R101* will not have given their lives in vain.

To make apples pay

The Board of Agriculture proposes to extend the national mark scheme to cider, a beverage frequently unobtainable in a reasonably pure state.

Manufacturers will be required to guarantee that the marked cider does not contain more than 25 per cent. of added dilutions.

This should lead to a demand for apples that will really repay the farmer for harvesting them. At present pigs are turned into the orchards to eat the fruit as it falls.

Damp squib

Many Labour M.P.s are apprehensive that in deciding to go ahead with the Trades Disputes Bill early this session the Government is riding for a fall. They have already arranged for the election machinery in their constituencies to be well oiled.

Ministers are as yet unperturbed. As a matter of fact, the Government is convinced that it will obtain Liberal support for the measure in the Commons, though the price may be certain concessions.

The threats of the Lords are not to be feared. The Diehards of the Upper Chamber have sufficient discretion not to risk a "Lords *v.* Commons" election on an issue so vitally linked with the working-man.

Chance for Sir Tommy

America is beginning to realise the futility of future races for the America's Cup unless drastic alterations are made in the rules.

How could he win?

After forty years of vain negotiation, the Americans have agreed that in future their form, displacement, draught, freeboard, sail area, weight of masts, and accommodation will be regulated by identical conditions.

But this is not enough. As we predicted long before the defeat of *Shamrock V.*, she was bound to lose since she had to be built as much for the Atlantic crossing as the contest.

Either America should permit us to build a challenger on the other side, or the contests should be held alternately both here and there.

Given this chance, what could not a *Shamrock VI.* do?

"Hire-purchase" ships

Several shipyards, in order to keep their men employed, are building ships "on spec" in the hope of selling them when the trade tide turns. Should they not be sold when completed, they will be loaned to shipowners for active service.

Seventeen unsold ships, aggregating 76,645 tons, are in the process of construction at various yards.

Lawler to go

More American share-pushers than ever are operating in this country just now. Many of them are men who have previously been "gated" by the police—that is to say, warned to get out or be deported.

* * *

We are delighted to record exclusively that America is to launch extradition proceedings against one of these rascals now in London—the notorious Elmer J. Lawler, whom we recently exposed as the "second biggest swindler on earth."

We shall be well rid of him; but what of the others who, within recent months, have relieved British investors of something like £1,000,000? They are wily birds to snare, but a big drive by the police is vital.

A prosperity secret

Heaven is still helping those who help themselves. Those British industries which have put their backs to the wall are still far from being down and out.

The British motor-car industry has proved up to the hilt the dominating value of self-reliance. Men of character and purpose behind it were not content to lean like cripples on the McKenna duties.

They told the world that they were alive and kicking. Over £40,000 a year was spent on the "Buy a British car" campaign alone. Individual advertising efforts cost thousands more. The world's Press became their shop-window.

And the result: Prosperity!

Film of falsehood

Made specially for exhibition in China, "in the interests of world revolution," "The Blue Express," an official Soviet film, is now being screened abroad.

Among other degrading episodes it shows the drunken brutality towards Chinese coolies; the assaulting of Chinese girls, and the shooting of a Chinese woman with a baby at her breast—all acts of the men in British uniform.

We commend it to the attention of Mr. Arthur Henderson.

"Fore!"

All over the country mushroom miniature-golf companies have sprung up. Behind many of them are men whom we know to be bogus financiers and opportunists.

The crash is inevitable. In many cases it is already on the way. It is obvious that the new sport will only enjoy temporary popularity in this country. Any day now you can see empty courses.

Readers who are tempted to speculate in new ventures should think twice before investing their money unless they are satisfied that the promoters are above suspicion, and that there will be a quick return before the slump comes.

Transport revolution

There has been extravagant talk in certain circles leading car-owners to believe that they are right on the eve of a revolution in running costs owing to the successful experiments with crude oil in place of petrol.

Actually, the change over, so far as the man in the street is concerned, is still a long way off, though its coming is probably inevitable.

In the case of heavy road vehicles, such as 'buses and lorries, the innovation is not far distant. In fact, the first crude oil-engined 'bus will be placed on the streets of London shortly.

The eventual effect must mean lower transport rates and reduced passenger fares, for fuel oil of the type needed for heavy vehicles is something like three times cheaper than petrol.

Beacon Memorial to R 101?

Westminster's Pooh-Bahs

"IF YOU SEE IT—" Continued

£2 houses!

How do the poor live? Like this!

Low Beechburn Colliery, with mineral rights under about 116 acres, and an adjoining brickworks near Crook, have been sold for £1,000.

Among the effects, thirteen freehold dwelling-houses of two rooms apiece, and a cottage which had been used as a colliery institute, fetched £28—for the lot.

Just think of it. Houses for £2 each, and perhaps dear at the price! Five were occupied—by British citizens.

Yes, that's how some of the poor live in the year of grace 1930.

Safety at sea

The National Union of Seamen has warned its members that the time may soon come when it will be necessary for them to produce a certificate of efficiency in life-boat drill before they are allowed to "sign on" any vessel.

The union adds that it would not be in a position to deny the necessity of such conditions, and urges seamen to devote some of their spare time to a study of the question.

We agree that such certificates will come. They are, in fact, long overdue. It is obviously vital that in times of shipwreck and emergency all boats lowered should be in charge of crews competent to manage them.

Smoke rings

Every now and again we read: "500,000 cigarettes taken by smash-and-grab gang from wholesaler's premises."

JOHN BULL pointed out recently that these stolen goods go into the shops which form the vast chain of tradesmen-receiver.

Manufacturers should be made to affix private serial marks on packets in 5,000 batches.

The police would then advertise the missing series, offering a small reward to smoker-purchasers of the stolen series to supply the name of the shop.

Pension a penalty

Never before have we heard of a public body deliberately conspiring to obtain cheap labour at the expense of the taxpayer and the old-age pensioner.

But the Norfolk County Council has done that.

It has resolved that on becoming entitled to 10s. a week pension, all men shall have their weekly wages reduced by 10s. a week, and shall work a correspondingly shorter number of hours.

The concluding condition is a "sop" which may mean nothing; the sting is in the reduction of pay.

A dirty business!

Steel won't bend

While the Government is urging the cotton industry to pull itself together and put into effect the efficiency-making recommendations of the Cotton Report, the report on the steel industry is lying on the desks of Whitehall.

The industry is doing little towards putting its house in order, but leading steelmasters may anticipate a vigorous "What about it?" from Downing Street in the near future.

Fact and fancy

Many poor people who have recently been led to believe that they might claim a pension under the will of a wealthy London citizen named John West are doomed to disappointment.

Already more than 500 applicants are benefiting under his will, and there are another 200 on the waiting-list, so it will be many years before further emoluments are available.

It is a shabby trick to delude poor people into thinking that new pensions are now being granted.

Jennie gets her due

Miss Jennie Lee, M.P., who was a school-teacher before entering Parliament, should be delighted with the revision of the School-Leaving Age Bill made by Sir Charles Trevelyan.

A woman who got her way

He has, in effect, surrendered to the demands which she made last session for a more generous distribution of maintenance allowances to the parents of children retained at school.

She insisted that the inquisitorial "means test" should go, and that many more parents should be brought in than was likely in the original narrow category.

In the revised Bill that will be before the House this month both these points are conceded.

So this is England!

A Doncaster mother of eight children was summoned before the local Bench for not sending two of them to school.

She explained that her husband had been out of work for two years, that the children had no boots, and that the school was two miles from her house.

Nevertheless, the chairman, Dr. A. B. Dunne, fined her 1s., and ordered her to send the children to school barefoot in the hope that when they got there they would be given boots.

And this is 1930—in England!

For valour: "Nix"

Mrs. Ethel Wragg, of Chatham Street, Clayton, Manchester, dived into the foul waters of the Ashton Canal, and rescued Miss Sarah Ousby.

Mrs. Wragg was the holder of a life-saving medal, but she had not swum for fourteen years.

The ordeal has injured her health—and she has three children, one of them suffering from infantile paralysis.

So far there has been no recognition. We pass on the hint to the Royal Humane Society.

We explain

Mr. Gwilym Owen, coal exporter, of 19, Eastcheap, E.C., has informed us that certain facts relating to quite another Gwilym Owen, and contained in an article in our issue of September 20 last, might be taken to refer to him.

We desire to make it perfectly clear that the facts in question in no way referred to Mr. Gwilym Owen, of 19, Eastcheap.

Skippers "sardined"

The skippers and mates of sailing barges are the latest group of workers to have their wages attacked.

Several of the firms employing them have attempted to reduce the freight rates on which the men's earnings are based.

Their union—the Transport and General Workers'—has assured them that it will resist the attack with all the power at its command. The preliminary skirmishes, in fact, have already been won.

Deathbed touts

There has been a sequel to our recent revelations of the infamous conduct of undertakers and their touts who bribe hospital staffs for early information about the deaths of patients.

Not only has the exposure evoked a mass of corroboration from Mr. J. R. Hurry, secretary of the British Undertakers' Association, but he actually declares that the ghoulish trade is even more widespread than we described.

His association has the remedy among its objects. It is that every embalmer and undertaker should be registered by statute, and that those who offend should have their licences suspended or withdrawn.

The road rotter

We do not envy John H. W. Strachan, twenty-three, of Eastbourne Gardens, Whitley Bay, in his feelings with regard to the death of Albert White.

This poor fellow, a miner, of Stevenson Street, South Shields, was knocked down by a car driven by Strachan, in which he had three companions.

Strachan's tale is that when they stopped and got the man from under the car, he was dead. Anyhow, they put him on the road-side, drove off, and said nothing to the police for three days.

The chairman at the South Shields County Court fined Strachan £10, and suspended his licence for two years.

Strachan himself has suspended decent feeling for him for longer than that.

Car-tax problems

Most members of the Government are in favour of changing the motor-tax from a horse-power to a petrol basis, but they are anxious not to make any precipitate leap that might dislocate the industry.

Too rapid a change-over might retard the demand for this season's models, and might also jeopardise the growth of the "baby car" industry, one of the most booming sections of the entire trade.

Incidentally, the abolition or reduction of the power-tax would be of great significance to the coal industry.

The alternative increase in the petrol duty would ensure the stability of prices for spirit, for which powerful interests are seeking a guarantee before launching the biggest "oil from coal" enterprise yet attempted in this country.

"Slaves of the wheel"

The "slaves of the wheel," who because we have so often championed are still on the road.

The Transport Workers' Union just now fighting the case of a dismissed lorry-driver who started work from his home garage at 7.30 a.m., travelled from one town to another, and ultimately arrived back at 12 a.m. the following morning.

He was a little later than usual, explained quite frankly that he had been overtaken by fatigue, and rather than be a menace to the public, pulled up by the roadside and slept for an hour.

For that they sacked him. Evidently he was expected not only to work the terribly long hours, but to risk his life and the lives of others as well.

Cheaper law

We congratulate the Admiralty Division of the Law Courts on its new "Rules," which operate from the opening of the present session.

His courageous lead

They are framed to reduce litigants' costs, and will prove very welcome to many insurance interests and shipowners alike.

The legal charges of a particular collision case actually came to £40,000.

Under the new "Rules" disputants will be enabled to get a court decision in collision cases on documentary evidence without bringing witnesses from all over the world and keeping them for considerable periods.

We hope Mr. Justice Bateson's courageous and common-sense lead will spread to other judicial divisions.

That picture impostor

We referred recently to an impostor representing himself to be from either JOHN BULL or *The People*, who called upon registered readers offering photographic enlargements for a small fee.

Many readers have handed over photographs which must, in many cases, be irreplaceable, and have also parted with money.

Genuine canvassers from JOHN BULL and *The People* never ask for money under any circumstances, and those receiving a call from this scoundrel should give him a wide berth.

Volunteer "mothers"

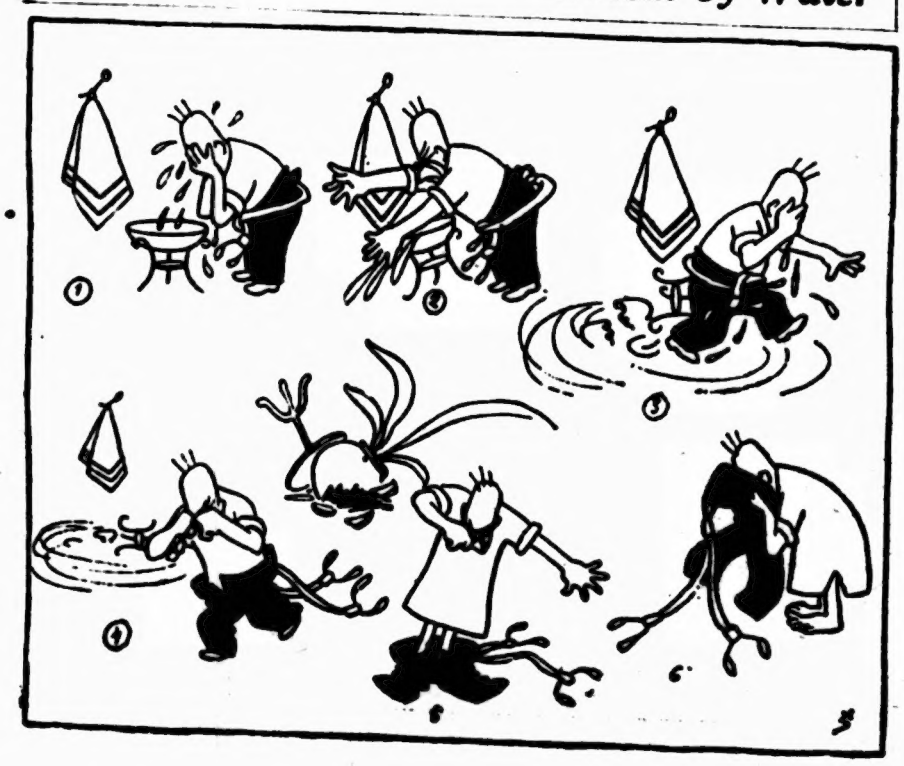
Education authorities in other industrial districts might well follow the example set by the little mining town of Ystrad, Rhondda Valley.

In Ystrad there are scores of poverty-harassed mothers who, having to cook at all hours for menfolk working different "shifts," and who keep their home clean and tidy and care for the kiddies, are "on the go" for twenty hours at a time.

The town has now helped to ease their burden. A nursery-school for children between the ages of two and four years has been opened, and here mothers may leave their little ones during their busiest hours in the kind care of volunteer "mothers."

It is proving a great boon and blessing, and is indeed a good deed well done.

ADAMSON'S— —Ordeal by Water



Bringing Up "JIX"

by LORD BRENTFORD,

who, as Sir William Joynson-Hicks, was one of Britain's most famous Home Secretaries

QUESTIONS which the Editor of JOHN BULL addressed to me on the result of my own education have led me to think a little as to the actual value of our present-day educational systems.

After all, the purpose of education is to a boy or girl to take his or her place in e work of life; to carry out duties which may those of a farm labourer or a domestic rvant, a great financier or a Cabinet Minister. The actual knowledge learnt is not always great practical use.

One must, of course, have a thorough ounding in ordinary arithmetic, know a cer- n amount of history, and be able to write a cent letter in a decent hand: that is the undation of all education.

The boy who is a prize-winner in any par- ular subject does not on that account usually ceed any better in after-life.

I must confess that I was not a particular ccess at school. I suppose I was of average telligence; but I know that I was rather rbulent and was repeatedly in trouble with masters.

When I look back, I realise quite definitely at my character was not formed at school. was formed afterwards, when I left without ing to a University, and was articled to a m of lawyers, where there was an elderly anaging-clerk who put my nose on the grind- one the first day I arrived, and kept it there r five years.

On the stump

THERE was no questioning about it: I had to work and I learned to work—a habit which, I am proud to say, has lasted roughout my life.

When I started for myself as a lawyer—d incidentally had no clients—I turned to e ingrained habit of reading which I had rned at school, and read such books as bbon's "Decline and Fall," Herodotus, and istories of Rome, Greece and my own ountry.

By that time I had begun to have political spirations. I was also a keen advocate of mperance, and I think I may say that I rned the art of public speaking by sheer rd practice.

I used to speak at small temperance meet- gs all over the country; if they were too far r me to pay my own expenses, I was gener- lly paid a second-class fare, but never took ay fees.

By way of contrast, last year I received n invitation to deliver a lecture in America, e terms being that my first-class expenses ould be paid there and back, and a fee of a undred guineas was proposed for the lecture. In any case I wasn't able to go and the er was politely declined.

Modern education is perhaps different om my own. From the point of view of the oy in the elementary schools, it is, of course, finitely better than it was. But I am not re that we are not going too far.

I cannot help feeling that the cocksure d independent modern child whom we so ten meet to-day is a poor advertisement for odern education.

Our children are acquiring a great deal information at school—sometimes an larming amount.

We all know the unpleasant child of whom e rhyme reminds us:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I don't wonder what you are;
You're the cooling down of gases
Forming into solid masses."

They absorb a great deal of elaborate information—or, at any rate, it is offered to them. But I sometimes have grave doubts as to whether they acquire as much solid grounding and practical accuracy as they might.

A smattering of science and a sketchy knowledge of a foreign language is a poor substitute if in after-life a boy cannot write a decent letter applying for a post and knows little even of his own country.

Everyone is in favour of the brilliant or hard-working boy mounting the educational ladder: may the way be made easy for him and good luck go with him! But it is the case of the average child which is disquieting.

We laugh to-day at the schools of another generation, where the pupils learned counties and their capitals by reciting docilely: "Cumberland, Carlisle, on the Eden."

But the average child then knew the whereabouts of Carlisle when he travelled north in after-years, while it is questionable whether the ordinary child of to-day carries away with him much knowledge of the habits of the nomadic tribes of Central Asia, or many other facts out of the vast store of varied instruction which is served up to him.

This is an extreme instance, and no one would suggest that we should revert to out-of-date methods of teaching.

Yet I do feel that the ordinary child who is not in the least clever suffers under a system which is apt to fail, while catering admirably for the brilliant and industrious, in inculcating in youth a habit of accurate hard work in the fundamentally essential subjects.

Proposals are now before the country for raising the compulsory age-limit for schools, complete with a dole in respect of the last year, at a total cost to the other taxpayers of nearly £4,000,000.

Consider what it means to the naturally lazy boy.

"Here am I," he will say, "being educated at the public expense, and they even pay me or my parents something for my keep. What I shall do as soon as I leave school is to get some job or other which makes a further dole a certainty, and then my life will be provided for."

Dole-fed—unambitious

NOT much ambition in that, is there? Do not forget that most of us are lazy by nature: it is only the need for food which makes the natural man work.

The value of education is in the formation of character, and that which is obtained for nothing is not likely to form character.

I wish those of my readers who possess ambitions, as every man should, would remember that the dole-fed, eight-hour-a-day man is never going to realise his ambition.

Do you think any man has ever bettered his condition by working only eight hours a day?

Has any man ever climbed the ladder, from working man to foreman, from foreman to manager and then to partner, until he has become, as hundreds of men in my time have become, a leader in trade or commerce, having done good to himself, his family and his country, unless his career has been one of sheer hard work?

Some of my readers may suggest that the men who don't work are occasionally lucky and slide past the worker in his upward career.

I have seen such men, but the luck very rarely lasts to the top of the ladder. Unless they have some definite ability or some definite grit they are found out—and it is much easier to slide down a ladder than to slide up it.

I am not quarrelling with trade unionism: it has done much good to many sections of workers. But I do say that the man who wants to get out of the rut must work double time compared with the man who remains in the rut.

And he will only do this if his education has led him to the realisation that, as an ancient proverb says: "Work is the price which the gods place on everything that is worth having."

However well-educated a boy may be, however much he may know of technical subjects, or however fluent in foreign languages, there is still something else which counts even more than these, and that is character; and there I sometimes fear that our modern education is deficient.

It is in the early years of life, at school and perhaps still more at home, when the foundations of a really trustworthy character can be laid, and without this, sooner or later, something will happen and the man will be found out.

Patriotic, too

ON general lines I think every opportunity should be given for every boy and girl who shows aptitude for it to learn at least two foreign languages.

I should select German, French and Spanish as the ones most useful in a commercial career; French and German, of course, for Europe, and Spanish for South America.

This great market is still open to us.

A vast amount of our money is invested there, and there will have to be commercial travellers, managers and clerks who will need a complete and colloquial knowledge of the language.

And I should like to add to any young man who reads these words that by making the best of his own ability and by settling down to a life—it may be—of hard work, he not only will do himself good and put himself in the way of earning a real prize in the commercial world, but he is also doing far better for his country than if he were content to lead the life of an ordinary clerk.

After all, our country has done much for us; it has provided us with a wonderful past, a background on which we can build. It is going through an uneasy and possibly a dangerous time.

Just as our young men helped it fifteen years ago, so another chance is being given to them to help it now—but on this occasion in helping their country they help themselves too.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR MR. CLYNES,—I wish you would stop these prosecutions of childless mothers who adopt a baby by registering it as their own.

Nobody is a penny the worse, and they are merely doing irregularly what is arranged for under the new Adoption Act.

Make that Act more widely known, but don't allow the police to pillory those whose only crime is that they wish their neighbours to believe they have been fruitful. JOHN BULL.

H.M. KING ALFONSO,
Madrid

YOUR MAJESTY,—I have been impressed by your recent speech in which you said: "Republic or monarchy, it is the same—what is needed is to work for Spain."

In those words you displayed a truly kingly regard for the welfare of your people and a realisation that service to his subjects is the only firm foundation of the throne upon which a modern monarch can remain established.

With such principles, long may you reign! JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM MORRIS,
The Manor House, Cowley, Oxford

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Your "wise words" at High Wych to men of the farming-stock from which you spring do less than justice to your own ability.

You did not get rich because of tariffs, but you had the knack, and your methods of production and marketing were up-to-date.

The best advice to the farmers would have been to go and do likewise

We must "think big" these days if we are to achieve prosperity in any walk of life

Dr. Addison may be sincere in his advocacy of small mixed farms, but they touch only the fringe of the vast agricultural problem. JOHN BULL.

Marshal VON HINDENBURG,
Berlin

DEAR PRESIDENT,—May I add my minor note to the tribute of sympathy from His Majesty the King for the sad pit disaster at Alsdorf, Germany?

We know what mining disasters are, but the loss of over two hundred lives is terrible.

And such disasters often arouse less pity than more spectacular ones. The miner does his dangerous duty, and when he dies—it is all in the day's work.

But you and I, sir, know how much we owe to these simple heroes.

JOHN BULL.

The GENERAL MANAGER,
Great Western Railway Company

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that at last one British railway company has had the good sense and humanity to adopt a safety appliance which has long been known to them.

As I have often stated, a practical system of automatic brakes was some years ago submitted to all the railway companies. It was ignored, and in the end the inventor took it abroad, where it is now used.

The number of lives that have been sacrificed in British railway accidents for the want of this automatic control is enormous.

But you are forgiven. You have taken the step. And now, for shame's sake, the other companies must follow you. JOHN BULL.

The TOUCH-AND-GO GUY

A King of Common-Sense—The Way to treat the Gunmen

Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., *2, Addison Road, London, W.*

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE,—You will have to decide before very long whether to prolong the life of the Labour Government or to precipitate a General Election.

All will depend on the Prime Minister's programme for the new session.

He intends, I know, to introduce a Trades Disputes Bill, to retrieve for the trade unions all that they lost at the hands of the last Government.

If you go against him you blow Labour sky-high. I hope you will do no such thing. Liberals, as a whole, are not greatly concerned over the proposed measure.

They would be if Mr. MacDonald yielded to the pressure of some of the industrial unions, to reform the tariff system.

Then, but not till then, will you be justified, as Liberal, in assuming the role of Guy Fawkes JOHN BULL.

LADY HOUSTON,
Beaufield, St. Saviour's, Jersey

DEAR LADY,—I know your heart is in the right place, but I fear you are on the wrong tack.

Your idea of remedying the evil of unemployment by military conscription sounds very simple and very grand, but you greatly overrate the advantages of being "a nation of smart soldiers."

I cannot so soon forget that it was another nation of smart soldiers that brought about the war which is largely responsible for our present unemployment problem.

All the same, I take the opportunity of thanking you for your many benefactions.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Old Bailey, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—I was glad that you gave the birch to two young men concerned in the armed raid on Barking Railway Station.

Naturally you hesitated to order flogging with the cat for young fellows of twenty-two and twenty. But it is clear that with older men convicted of crimes of violence in your court, the cat will be given.

It is the only way with such criminals as Sir Wyndham Childs pointed out in our columns lately. I trust your good example will be followed.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, K.C.,
4, Harcourt Buildings, London, E.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—It rejoices my heart to note that you are to be the chairman of the Court of Enquiry into the loss of *R101*.

I know now that the enquiry will be full and open, impartial, without fear or favour.

You have full authority to compel evidence, and take it under oath. We shall know the truth.

Until the enquiry is ended and the report published, the whole matter rests with you and your two able assessors.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MARY NELSON,
Middlesex Wharf, Hackney

DEAR MRS. NELSON,—You are a brave lassie to have carried on your husband's business as a chimney-sweep since he was paralysed. Few women would have had the nerve.

This is better than boxing, though I am glad to learn that you are the best woman boxer in the world.

But it was the sort of thing to expect from one who, with her husband, was a member of the fine old original Christy Minstrels.

Of course, you were used to a black face.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LIGHTOWLER,
Cross Flats Veterans' Club, Leeds

DEAR VETERAN,—I agree with the Lord Mayor of Leeds that you are a wonderful singer for your age—nine-and-two.

That a man who is nearing his century should stand on a public platform and sing a song so well that every word could be heard all over the hall is an achievement.

Your club—in which the average age of its members is seventy-five—must well be proud of it and of you.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

JAMES MAXTON: "It is no good trying to meet the problems of 1930 with the devices of 1910."

Nor with the devices of 2030.

* * *

PRINCE GEORGE: "The Navy is not the multiplication-table."

We should have thought it was not subject to subtraction.

Not from the B.B.C.—Viscount Rothermere lauds his

MORE-or-LESS UNITED PARTY

I AM the sole begetter
Of the Party which is styled
"United Empire Party"—
My own, my latest child!
And if you are true patriots
Who wish to save the State,
You'll pay your subs. without delay
And cast your votes on polling-day
Against my candidate!

Don't be misled by traitors!
The straight path is the best!
The policy I favour
Will stand the sternest test.
We have no sordid yearning
Our enemies to beat;
Don't stop to think—do as I say!
And I will lead you on the way
To glorious defeat!

Whatever people may think of my newspaper activities, they must give me credit for originality in my new role of political Party leader.

Anybody who thinks it worth while to pay a penny for my thoughts knows that I am disgusted with the old Parties and old methods. That is why I formed the United Empire Party.

And, having brought it into being, I am determined to conduct it on new lines.

One serious defect of the older Parties is their eagerness to have their candidates returned to Parliament. That, however, is not my method.

To prove this, I am bringing my entire battery of penny popguns to bear on the comic opera by-election at South Paddington, so as to prevent the return of Mrs. Stewart-Richardson, the chosen candidate of my more-or-less-United Empire Party.

I am resolved to punish the presumption of this lady in joining my Party and getting herself selected as a candidate.

For ours is an exclusive Party, ours is; and, as has been plainly stated, my chief objection to Mrs. Stewart-Richardson is based on her "inadequate social status."

If she were a lady by birth as well by education things might be different. But I know that South Paddington will not support a candidate who has not crashed into the peerage or, at the very least, been caught in a post-war shower of O.B.E.'s.

Mrs. Stewart-Richardson's principles may be sound; but principles are not enough when accompanied by nothing more awe-inspiring than a hyphen.

I and my henchmen are not snobs,
But still we can't afford
To disregard those would-be nobs
Who dearly love a lord.

Alas! no lordship can we find
To battle for the right!
And so we do not feel inclined
To take part in the fight.

"Hats off to titles!" is our cry.
And, disregarding scoffs,
We must refuse to do and die
With those who are not "toffs"!

MADMEN *Drifting to* SUICIDE

by A. G. GARDINER

"The madness of Hitlerism." Inset: The King of Yugo-Slavia. "A spark in his land lighted the Great War"

WHEN Col. Repington entitled his book on the war "The *First* World War" there was a good deal of angry criticism of his levity. It seemed to suggest that he had been to the first night of a new play which was in for a long run.

We had had a sort of rehearsal of a performance that, with the necessary breathing intervals, was to keep running until—until—well, until European civilisation was wiped out and the earth was "a wilderness indeed, peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants."

The idea was horrible—unthinkable. Had we not discovered that, in the presence of the devilish powers of modern science, war and civilisation could never again co-exist?

And, in the light of this terrific fact, had we not organised the world for peace, set up a League of Nations, fortified it with Locarno treaties and Kellogg Pacts, and so chained up the dogs of war that they could never break loose again?

The *First* World War was a grim jest—what we had seen was the Last World War.

For we knew that if we did not learn we should perish. We knew that another World War would be World Suicide and the end of the white man's civilisation.

In a week or so we shall celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the Armistice. Can we approach that solemn occasion with confidence that mankind is on the road to victory over its chief enemy? Can we indeed approach it without deepening anxiety, without sharing in some measure the alarmist forecast which Mr. H. G. Wells uttered at a meeting in Westminster a few days ago?

"I think an outbreak of war," he said, "is quite possible in a few years' time. . . .

"Some sort of accident might happen next year or the year after. It is as close as that."

Let us pray that, for once, Mr. Wells is a false prophet. If he means war on a European scale, I think he is.

But no one who looks at Europe to-day can say that he has no ground for his alarm. The sky was never more dark, the air never more oppressive with the menace of storm.

Europe outside Germany is an armed camp. More money is being spent on preparations for war than ever before in history. More men are under arms than on the eve of the Great War.

Take the major theatre of danger, the triangular situation between France, Germany and Italy. The relations between France and Germany do not go from better to better; they go from worse to worse.

* * *

The fatal mistake has been that, having disarmed Germany at Versailles, the Allies have done nothing to disarm themselves. If that had been done a new atmosphere of confidence would have been created.

But it has not been done. On the contrary, France is armed to the teeth—armed as no nation in history was ever armed before.

She has not only armed herself, but she has made military alliances with Poland, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, so that she has ringed disarmed Germany with fortresses.

This is not peace: this is terrorism. If it is not stopped, it must issue in war. You cannot imprison a great nation of 60,000,000 people for ever.

Already we see the signs of explosion.

The madness of Hitlerism that swept Germany so ominously at the last election is the direct result of the madness of the post-war policy of the Allies.

The immediate effect has been to increase the panic of France and to intensify her insane military activities. And so the tragedy moves on to some terrific crisis.

And the relations of France and Italy are no less menacing. Here the peril is due less to France than to the Cæsarism of Mussolini, who rattles his sword as vainglorioously as the German ex-Kaiser used to rattle his.

* * *

Italy is over-populated, and he incites her to breed still more lavishly in readiness for "The Day."

She needs room for expansion, and he looks hungrily at the North African littoral, where France has all the titbits and his own emigrants are treated as aliens.

I do not suppose he is mad enough to want war. But neither did the Kaiser want war. He only created a situation that made war inevitable. And so with Mussolini.

And the danger in his case is not limited to a direct rupture with France. There is the powder-magazine on his east flank.

A friend of mine who has just returned from Yugo-Slavia gives me an alarming picture of the hatred and fear of Italy that prevails there.

* * *

She is an ally of France, and the more dangerous from the sense of that powerful backing. It was the spark lit in Yugo-Slavia that lighted the Great War. The sparks are still flying there to-day.

And all through Central Europe, where owing to the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire a crowd of small states, all with their tariff walls, their local animosities and their local aims—for the most part under French direction—are in uneasy relationship, there is the same spectre of war.

The Danzig corridor is a ceaseless irritant to Germany, and Poland under its dictatorship is as inflammable as a tin of petrol.

The peril is intensified by the depression that hangs like a blight over Europe. When things are desperate, men are tempted to risk desperate gambles.

And over all this European bear-

"Poland under the dictatorship of Pilsudski is as inflammable as a tin of petrol"

garden the shadow of Russia looms ominously. If Western Europe resolves on suicide, that will be the moment for Bolshevism to sweep like a tide over the ruins.

There was never a moment when Europe needed more to be at peace within itself and united against a common danger. That danger is nothing less than the overthrow of Western civilisation.

If Mr Wells' gloomy forecast is fulfilled and war comes, that danger will be finally and irrevocably accomplished. But, bad as the outlook is, there is no reason to despair.

Owing mainly to the French policy of militarising Europe, the League of Nations is still only the shadow of what it ought to be.

But it exists, and its influence is vastly greater than its foolish critics suppose it to be.

Without it, the position of Europe would be more hopeless than it is. If peace has been maintained, it is the League that has maintained it. Repeatedly it has put out sparks that, in its absence, would have led to war.

* * *

It has profoundly changed the spirit of European diplomacy—made it less secretive, brought it under the challenge of a permanent and watchful scrutiny.

It has provided Europe for the first time with a standing council which, even if it is not obeyed, cannot be ignored.

If there had been such a council in 1914, I believe there would have been no war, and in the present grave circumstances I think it is the one security that Europe has.

But if it is to underpin that security, it must come to grips with France on disarmament: Europe must disarm, or war will come. And if it comes the white man's civilisation will perish.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Be a Helper!

WHEN I was in the United States last year, I came across an elderly woman happily married to a German. She was a quiet, unemotional sort of person, so I was greatly surprised when at a certain turn of the conversation her eyes suddenly filled with tears and her lip quivered as she asked: "Are things as bad with Britain as they say?"

She had been told that Britain was down and out, that all her greatness and prosperity were of the past, that her sons had no longer energy or enterprise, and that henceforth the leadership of civilisation had passed completely from her hands to those of America.

"I cannot bear the thought of it," whispered this little Englishwoman, who had not set foot in her native land for half a lifetime, but had never lost her love for it.

Do we who live within the shores of Britain realise as we should the kind of loyalty that Britain needs just now?

When Robert Browning on board ship sailed past some of the historic spots where Britain had victoriously fought for her life, he wrote an immortal line—"Here and here did England help me: How can I help England? say."

Britain needs a lot of helping in these hard times: how are you going to help?

We are in more serious case than at the worst of the submarine campaign twelve to fourteen years ago, and before the winter is through our problems may be sterner still.

There is something we can supply, and that is a cheerful determination to pull the old country through her perils.

British men would not stand being bossed by Mussolini, but, as a resident in Italy told me, the dictator has made the ordinary Italian two inches taller.

In other words, he found Italians slouching, surly, drifting along, devoid of confidence and self-respect, and he has breathed into them a new spirit of belief in themselves and their destiny.

We free men and women of Britain can do the same for ourselves without following the lead of any dictator.

Don't grouse; don't snarl; don't envy; don't prophesy disaster. Think cheerful thoughts and help others to think them.

Be not content to take from Britain without giving in return, and you can always give something by putting hope and courage into the down and out.

You can be either a chilling influence or an inspirer of brave resolve, and you need not be a prig to be a good comrade.

Wherever there is a burdened, anxious heart to be relieved, there is your job. Lighten the load if only by a kindly word.

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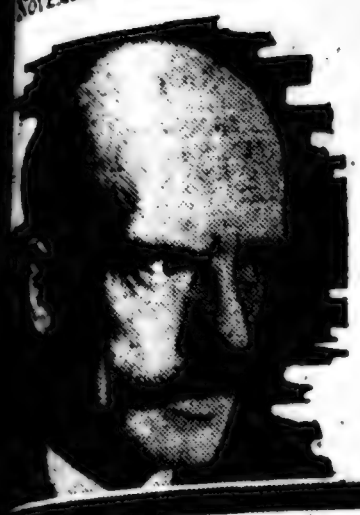

Another HUGE SHARE SENSATION

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

I DO not think my readers will consider me boastful when I remind them that I drew attention some weeks ago to the fact that certain American sharepushers, whom I named, had re-entered this country in defiance of Home Office regulations, and were engaged in unloading worthless shares upon inexperienced investors.

At any rate, it is gratifying to see that some of my daily contemporaries are now stressing the iniquity of this new campaign.

In following up my warnings, I propose this week to deal with a bucket-shop of the worst kind, about which I have received many complaints and enquiries.

This is called Seward Fraser and Co., late of Dashwood House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., and now of 5, Moorgate Street Place, London, E.C.

For some time past this firm has been flooding the country with circulars offering unheard-of bargains in stocks and shares.

To lend weight to its offers it has been distributing an impressive-looking newspaper called *Investment Service*, the keynote of which is "How to solve your financial problems."

I do not think I am far wrong when I suggest that many who have followed its advice have probably found their financial problems increased rather than simplified.

In my postbag recently was a pathetic, but somewhat cryptic, note, enclosing an announcement to the effect that a meeting had been convened for shareholders of Syntok Talking Films, Ltd., the registered offices of which are at 29a, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

Talk-film gadget

"Perhaps," my reader's message ran, "JOHN BULL, which believes in justice to the 'under' man, will send a representative to this meeting."

As a result of this brief hint, I am now able to unfold a remarkable story.

Syntok Talking Films was promoted in July last year with a nominal capital of £150,000 in 5s. shares, its object being to exploit a talking-film apparatus, for which a great success was prophesied.

To-day the company is on the verge of bankruptcy, all its funds have been expended, it is heavily in debt, and shareholders are left with no return whatever for their money.

With the fate of this company I shall deal later; for the moment I wish to devote my attention to the reprehensible conduct of Seward Fraser and Co., and the part it played in foisting the Syntok shares upon the public.

In the spring of this year, through the medium of the bogus newspaper, *Investment Service*, Seward Fraser and Co. strenuously advocated the purchase of Syntok shares.

It declared that they were the subject of a "special recommendation" and would be worth "double their value" in a very short space of time.

Those who did not respond at once to this exhortation were systematically bombarded with telegrams, with excellent results—for Seward Fraser and Co.

One man who was thus prevailed upon to take up some Syntok 5s. shares later received a communication from Seward Fraser and Co.

This was to the effect that, following important negotiations with an American talking-film company, the shares were likely to be quoted upon the market at 10s. apiece.

A "wise" whisper

A little later still an individual passing as Mr. Seward's private secretary arrived in person, and advised the purchase of further shares at a higher price, as Mr. Seward had "inside information" that they were "certain" to rise to £1 in the near future.

More flagrant misrepresentation, as I shall show in the course of my narrative, would be hard to find.

Those who have been similarly misled—and I am sorry to say that there are many of them—should take legal advice as to obtaining a return for their money.

Meanwhile, I should be pleased to express an opinion should any other reader care to send his papers to me.

The original directors of the Syntok Company, which had no connection with Seward Fraser and Co.'s wily operations, included Brigadier-General Oswald Kesteven Chance, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lt.-Col. Graham Seton Hutchinson, D.S.O., M.C.

The latter, I find, resigned in May last on grounds that are exceedingly interesting.

He discovered that many of the shares then being unloaded on the public by Seward Fraser and Co. were those that had already been allotted to interested parties for considerations other than cash.

Moreover, though they were disposed of at 6s. apiece, Colonel Hutchinson held—and as a director of the company he certainly was in a position to know—that they were not even worth a penny!

Nor did this "outside" share shuffle constitute the only reason for the colonel's resignation, for he also found certain alleged irregularities in the company's administration.

As he was powerless to prevent this, he decided to sever his connection with the company.

A few days ago, the wretched people who have been imposed upon by Seward Fraser and Co. received a dismal report of the Syntok Company's affairs signed by a certain Mr. Walter Blount.

This worthy, I would remark at once, has been associated with more than one disastrous company in the past.

In this case Mr. Blount reports "with regret" that the talking apparatus upon which the public was induced to invest is now obsolete.

To this he adds that a further sum of £10,000 raised last summer, and which was to have saved the situation, has since been swallowed up, and that, with creditors pressing for settlement of accounts when nothing remained in the bank, the only course was to wind up the company.

Apart from the grave reasons which occasioned the resignation of one director, I certainly think, in view of Seward Fraser's part in foisting unmarketable shares upon the public, that a Board of Trade enquiry is called for without delay.

Two Syntok directors—Col. B. H. O. Armstrong (left) and Brig.-Gen. Sir O. K. Chance—who are disgusted at this share ramp

More to be said

I have only cited the Syntok case as one example of Seward Fraser and Co.'s disreputable methods.

People in all parts of the country have been similarly saddled with trashy or worthless shares in numerous other companies.

As I do not propose to let this matter rest where it is, I cordially invite any of my readers who are amongst this unhappy band to let me have details of their individual experiences, in order that my investigations may be as complete as possible.

Have you seen her?

SERPENT MAN *and the* MISSING GIRL

WILL readers of JOHN BULL please help to trace the whereabouts of Miss Violet Higginson, aged eighteen, of Lauderdale Street, Preston?

She has left her home, and it is certain that she cannot possibly be aware of the record of Leonard Douglas Ponting, with whom she has found employment.

Ponting sends canvassers from door to door selling worthless shampoo powders.

Where the scoundrel Ponting is now working, we expect to find Miss Higginson.

By newspaper advertisements, he has for years recruited a canvassing staff of women throughout Great Britain.

It was by the medium of one of these advertisements that this innocent, trusting girl entered his employment.

Ponting can be easily recognised. He is forty-six years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, and has a sallow complexion and dark brown hair.

But this blackguard has other distinctive features. One eye is light brown and the other grey in colour, but he occasionally tries to conceal the contrast by wearing heavy, horn-rimmed spectacles.

His arms are copiously tattooed, and he can be detected by another tattooed and appropriate device on one of his hands—a serpent.

Ponting has been an asylum attendant, a music-hall entertainer, and a first-class crook.

He has been married twice, his first wife having divorced him.

Two years ago, when living apart from his second wife, Ponting took away from her home in Millom, Cumberland, a sixteen-year-old girl.

With the assistance of readers we hunted him down and had the young girl returned to her guardians.

Miss Higginson's relatives have approached the Preston police, but they declare they cannot help. Surely the police might assist and search for a helpless person, particularly a girl, who is in peril.

It was also stated by the police that they know nothing against Ponting. We do.

Since boyhood, when he served five years in a reformatory, he has had a terrible career of crime and been a betrayer of women and girls.

Once he was jailed for abducting a girl under sixteen, and he has been convicted frequently for burglary, theft, and false pretences. One sentence was five years' penal servitude.

We *would* like to find this Serpent Man.

TRUTH ABOUT WIRELESS

Simple facts are often harder to believe than Fairy Tales, and some people can never believe an article is good unless they pay two or three times as much as is necessary.

THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SET is the ideal installation for the man who wants perfectly satisfactory results for the most moderate outlay. It is made under Marconi License and embodies all the improvements possible in a popular-priced Set. It gives you the National Programmes in perfection and a wide choice of distant stations. Everything about the Set is reliable and first class; there are no complications. Even if you are only a beginner you can start right away to enjoy the wonders of wireless with as much certainty of success as if you had studied it for years. Cabinet Loud Speaker, Aerial Fittings & everything necessary is included. No extras. Full instructions with each Set.

A HANDSOME PRODUCTION. Full size Cabinet (as illustrated) of polished Oak, with hinged lid; all parts (including valves) accessible. Dull Emitter Detector and Power Valves, anti-microphonic Valve holders. No coils to change. H.T. Battery; 2-volt Accumulator; complete Aerial Outfit. Cabinet LOUD SPEAKER (as illustrated) in Oak to match set. Unit of the 'four pole' balanced armature type with large magnet.

10/- NOW

Price complete and Carriage Paid £7.10.0

Terms 10/- with Order, 10/- Monthly

One Owner writes about the 'Vulcan' Set: "We feel we ought to tell you what a wonderful set your wireless really is. Ours is only a 2-valve set, but we get more out of it than many people we know with 4 and 3-valve sets."

Another delighted Owner writes: "As I have now had it in use for 12 months one of your 'Vulcan' 2 Valve sets, I thought it nothing but my duty to write and say how pleased I am with same. It's the finest 2-valve on the market. Nothing but low tension batteries has been renewed."

Test it in your own Home. Fullest Approval.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue. Full particulars and specifications of this and other high class Receiving Sets, including Portable and All Mains Sets, Post Free.

We have **30** years character for honest dealing.

ANOTHER WIRELESS BARGAIN.

The Igranic Screened Grid 3-Valve Set (not illustrated here) with handsome Oak Cabinet and Cabinet Loud Speaker. Everything of highest quality and all complete and ready to fix. Price **£12.10**. **15/- with Order, 15/- Monthly.**

This is a Set of remarkable capacity, very selective and far reaching, and wonderful value for money. Our sales of this Set runs into many thousands per annum; sold solely on merit and without costly advertising push. Ask for descriptive Catalogue free giving full illustrations of Set and Loud Speaker with all information. Costs you nothing to get all particulars of this highly efficient set which offers you finer results, better quality and substantial saving in cost.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Are You Losing Hair—or Bald?

Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

Mr. A. Brown, of Hackney, is but one of the vast legions of users of Kotalko who has proved this to be true.

"This time last year," he states, "I was completely bald. My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, I had not a hair on my head.

"I then used Kotalko, and the results have been amazing. My friends marvel at the complete new hair growth which was brought on by the use of Kotalko."

Test-Box Coupon.

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy Street (83 R.T.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

HOME COMFORTS

CARPETS, Rugs, Lino, Curtains, Tea and Dinner Services, Sheffield Cutlery, Table Cloths, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sheets and Blankets, Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Requisites, and all Home requirements. Catalogue Free. Dependable quality and Money Saving Prices. Everything delivered Carriage Paid for small deposit & Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

WASHING-UP loses its terrors... GREASE loses its greasiness!

Carbosil has made washing-up a *greaseless* task. The old-fashioned method of dish-washing with soda — fatty scum on the water . . . sticky grease on hands and dish-cloth—is a thing of the past.

Mutton grease, bacon grease, any grease—Carbosil dissolves it instantly and surely. A teaspoonful in the water wipes out the most stubborn grease—prevents the unpleasant surface scum that soils your hands and clouds over the dishes and silver.

Get a twopenny packet today. It will last a whole month if your household is of average size. Banish dreaded grease from your washing-up for ever for only a halfpenny per week! Use Carbosil the right way—a teaspoonful in a bowl of hot water—and see that the dirty things are completely immersed.

CARBOSIL

Use Carbosil also for washing greasy cloths

dissolves grease

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

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LISTEN, MY DEAR...

EITHER you get me an ERASMIC Shaving Stick next time... OR I grow a beard!

Is that clear!

ERASMIC SHAVING STICK 1/-

WHY THEY'RE SO KEEN ON ERASMIC

1. **A shilling Stick lasts more than four months.**
2. **Effective with hot or cold water.**
3. **Close lather firmly supports all hairs from toe to base.**
4. **Its special ingredients soothe the skin, producing a delightful after-shave sensation.**

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CHRONIC NEURITIS!

Send for FREE Book of Testimonials.

Mr. L. Beaby, 46, Sandhurst Grove, Harehills, Leeds, writes: "... than a year ... Chronic Neuritis ... helpless, suffer... lost the use of all my limbs. The doctor said that my ... hopeless and ... regain full use ... trying several ... try Vitadatio... bottles I began ... never, although ... am able to do ... remain as active as ... days."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Intestinal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or post 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 5/- size, post free, containing 3 weeks' supply, for export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 123, Armley, Leeds. VIII.

WRONGFUL ARREST: *Amazing Story*

A POLICE BLUNDER RUINED

Mr. Fisher, socially and in business

Mr. Justice McCardie was interested in the legal points raised

A PATHETIC figure entered the London Bankruptcy Court the other day to answer a petition for a receiving order against him.

He was Mr. William Henry Fisher, aged sixty-seven, who has been brought to ruin in most shameful circumstances.

His career and business have been finally wrecked by an atrocious police blunder, and now he is being trampled deeper in the mire by those from whom he tried to obtain redress.

For seven years Mr. Fisher owned a flourishing business of a forage and timber merchant and haulage contractor in Plaistow, London, E.

One day, eighteen months ago, there came to his office two detective-sergeants of the Metropolitan Police. They informed him that he would have to accompany them to the police-station for detention in connection with a series of frauds which had been committed in Oldham, Lancashire, a few days previously.

It was also stated that they were acting on the instructions of the Oldham police, who had obtained a warrant for his arrest.

Humiliation

Mr. Fisher protested that he had not been in Oldham for at least twenty years.

He was told, however, that he had apparently been identified as the wanted swindler, and would have to consider himself as under arrest.

Between the two detectives, Mr. Fisher was marched from his office and across the yard of the premises in the presence of his twenty astonished workpeople.

In this manner he was also led through the busy main streets of the West End to Barking Road police-station.

On the humiliating journey there were encountered a Member of Parliament and members of local authorities to whom Mr. Fisher was well known, as well as many business and social friends.

For two days he was kept in custody at Barking Road.

An inspector of the Oldham police then arrived to escort him to Lancashire. He brought and read the warrant, which accused Mr. Fisher in another name of having obtained £150 by false pretences in Oldham.

In the interval the Metropolitan police had satisfied themselves that a terrible mistake had been made by the Oldham police in seeking to execute the warrant against Mr. Fisher.

They were not only aware that he was in London when the frauds were committed in Oldham, but actually knew from previous experience the man who had carried them out.

Acquitted, but ruined

Nevertheless, Mr. Fisher was seized by the Oldham police representative and taken by him under close arrest to Oldham.

The inspector and his prisoner travelled all the way to Lancashire in the open and crowded dining-car of the train.

This again was a degrading experience for Mr. Fisher. Among the people passing into and from the dining-car were other business associates.

At Oldham police-station Mr. Fisher was placed in two separate identification parades.

There was no doubt about the result. The people who had been defrauded stated without hesitation that Mr. Fisher in no way even resembled the man who had swindled them.

He was, of course, immediately released, and the Chief Constable of Oldham expressed his regret for the mistake and the inconvenience caused to Mr. Fisher.

But the regret did not take the practical form of even paying his railway fare back to London.

In the meantime the arrest of Mr. Fisher and his removal to Oldham had come as a shock to the commercial circle in Plaistow and district in which he was best known.

The consequences were quick and cruel.

Customers withdrew from him fast, confidence in him was obviously shaken, firms from which he was accustomed to receive substantial credits no longer accommodated him, and one by one he had to dispense with his staff.

Oldham at bay

Surely Mr. Fisher had a claim for compensation against someone for his wrongful arrest and imprisonment.

He set up proceedings against the Corporation of Oldham as the employers and governing body of the Oldham police, and, to meet his own legal costs of the action, sold the remnant of his vanishing business for £200.

His writ apparently caused concern to the Oldham Council, and frequent visits were paid to London by the Town Clerk, the chairman of the Watch Committee, and the Chief Constable.

In the end, while admitting there had been false imprisonment and agreeing to damages if it was held liable, the council decided to defend the action on the ground that it was not responsible for the wrongful acts of its police force.

The case came before Mr. Justice McCardie, to whom counsel argued that a municipal authority was responsible for its police servants because it appointed or dismissed them and paid them their salaries and wages.

It was held by the judge, however, that the Home Secretary was the central police authority, and that policemen were the servants of the State, though subject to local supervision.

Mr. Fisher's action, therefore, failed.

Taking a cue from the judge, Mr. Fisher next started proceedings against the police themselves.

Once more he was baulked.

It was contended that by a recent Act of Parliament he could not proceed against a public servant—a police officer—six months after the offence.

Widening the wound

Because of the delays in his first action, nearly twelve months had then elapsed, and Mr. Fisher's claim against the police was dismissed.

So the wretched man, now financially broken in consequence of the awful blunder of the police, was left completely stranded.

To add to the irony of the whole affair, the Oldham police a few days ago succeeded at last in arresting the man who was really wanted, and he has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

But poor Mr. Fisher has at the same time had another terrible bayonet-thrust from the Oldham authorities.

The council is insisting on its legal rights, and has put him in the Bankruptcy Court, so that it can recoup its ratepayers the sum of £335.

This is the amount of the council's own legal costs incurred in defending Mr. Fisher's action.

Mr. Clynes—please!

Of course, he cannot pay. He has already been destroyed by Oldham.

But this matter must not rest where it is.

A judge of the High Court has declared in Mr. Fisher's case that the Home Secretary is the central police authority.

Therefore, we demand that the Home Secretary shall make full restitution to Mr. Fisher.

We cannot doubt that Mr. J. H. Clynes, when he reads the facts of this case, will make adequate compensation to Mr. Fisher for the terrible suffering he has undergone.

COLONEL *who* COLLECTS PLUS-FOURS

SHOPKEEPERS everywhere should be very much on their guard against a distinguished-looking individual who has lately been passing in the name of "Colonel E. Greville."

He is a man who makes impressiveness his chief asset. When he drives up to a shop in his car passers-by cannot fail to notice him.

They see in him a polished man of the world, and not one in a thousand would suspect him of being the trickster he is.

Even the most cautious shopkeepers are disarmed by the colonel's general frankness.

A Manchester hosier, whose establishment Colonel Greville recently visited, was quite impressed when his caller proceeded to select an extensive range of under-garments and ordered a good plus-four suit.

But when the parcel was wrapped up for him, the colonel felt in his pocket and declared with a wry little smile that he had left his wallet behind at his hotel.

"I'll tell you what to do," he observed briskly. "Send the parcel along to room No. 10, and instruct your messenger to wait. I shall get back there as soon as I've made one or two other calls."

He named one of the principal hotels in the city, so the shopkeeper felt that there could be no harm in agreeing to this arrangement.

So a little later in the morning a messenger was duly despatched with instructions to wait for the money.

Meanwhile, instead of making further calls as he had intimated, the colonel had sauntered back towards the hotel and was lying in wait in its vicinity.

When the messenger-boy eventually appeared with the parcel, the colonel accosted him and pretended to be impatient at the delay

"I grew tired of waiting," he said petulantly, "and have just sent one of the hotel pages down to the shop with a cheque."

So he relieved the intimidated boy of the parcel and strode briskly away.

Of course, no cheque was ever forthcoming, and enquiry at the hotel elicited the fact that the colonel had departed, leaving an unpaid bill, and that several other local shopkeepers had complained of having been duped.

The colonel's plundering progress can be traced through numerous provincial cities, and in addition to shopkeepers and hotel proprietors his victims include people whose acquaintance he has made in hotel lounges.

once DEPRESSED, RUN DOWN! —NOW FIT AND FULL OF VIGOUR

HERE'S PROOF

Sufferers tell in their own words how just a few doses of Dr. Cassell's Tablets quickly made them well again—not just temporarily, but completely and thoroughly fit and full of lasting buoyant health.

★ ★

INSTANT RELIEF FROM DEPRESSION AND INSOMNIA.

"I became very run down and had terrible fits of depression and could not sleep until 4 or 5 a.m. . . . With the first small box of Dr. Cassell's Tablets *I got instant relief* . . . now I am able to eat and sleep better, and my health has greatly improved and the pain gone." — *I. Lewin, 24, Oral Mansions, Kensington, S.E.11.*

★ ★

DEPRESSION DISAPPEARS IN A FEW DAYS.

"Constantly ill for months from anæmia; lost much weight, very dismal outlook on life. After a few days of Dr. Cassell's Tablets the lassitude disappeared, and I am now putting on weight and enjoying good health."— *Mrs. J. M. Muston, 813, Lea Bridge Road, Walthamstow.*

★ ★

RUN DOWN AND ANÆMIC —SOON FIT AGAIN.

". . . so anæmic I could not do my own housework. I started taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets and in a month I was fit and well. If I feel run down I take them and am myself again." — *Mrs. M. Weaver, 47, Dorset Avenue, Romford, Essex.*

DRAWN HAGGARD FACES QUICKLY CHANGED TO HAPPY HEALTHFUL SMILES, THANKS TO DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

For people of all ages— Contains no Harmful Drugs.

WHY THIS TREATMENT HAS NEVER FAILED

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are not a secret remedy that merely stimulates you for the moment, and then lets your trouble come back again. Dr. Cassell's Tablets build up your body into permanent fitness because they tone the system and nourish it. The Hypophosphites nourish the nerves; the Enzymes and Stomachics aid appetite and strengthen digestion; the Blood Nutrients purify and invigorate the blood.

Start taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets to-day for PERMANENT RELIEF from:—

HEADACHES, INSOMNIA, ANÆMIA, PALPITATION, NEURASTHENIA, KIDNEY PAINS, STOMACH ILLS, DEBILITY AND ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 and 3/- 13 size contains 39 Tablets

GUARANTEE

The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. THEY CONTAIN 19 SPECIAL INGREDIENTS and may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation.

royds

"Smooth, lovely skin wins hearts always"

say screen stars and their directors

ALICE WHITE (*First National*): *"I find Lux Toilet Soap marvellous"*

ROMANCE, adoration, riches — all this the film star's beauty brings her! How carefully she guards her precious loveliness — sparing no effort to enhance her charm!

"Beautiful smooth skin attracts instantly — thrills all hearts," film stars and directors say.

To keep skin gloriously smooth 9 out of 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the great studios.

A Real Saving

Give your skin the care which makes theirs so lovely! Use Lux Toilet Soap! Though you can buy it for so little it offers you all the luxury of the most costly soap — for it is made from the purest of oils. You'll adore its refreshing perfume and its quick rich lather even in the hardest water. Grocers and stores everywhere sell it.

MABEL POULTON: *"Lux Toilet Soap lathers so quickly and keeps my skin so smooth, even in the hardest water"*

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the films are cared for by

Lux Toilet Soap

A LEVER PRODUCT

TL. 223-33

4D

Ended in 3 days RHEUMATISM

The torture ceasing entirely after a couple of boxes; that is the story of Madge Cocktail, the famous high diver, who found her very livelihood imperilled by Rheumatic-gout in both feet—until she tried Urace. She tells you and every sufferer that there is nothing like Urace Brand Tablets, for Urace positively dissolves away the uric acid crystals and poisonous accumulations which cause the tortures of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Gout. Never mind if you have tried treatment after treatment in vain, Urace is confidently recommended to relieve your agonies and only costs 1/3, 3/- and 5/- from any chemist.

The 3/- size is the more economical, containing 3 times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

FREE Send 6d. for postage, etc., and we will send you free a sample of Urace Brand Tablets and a bottle of Urace Brand Rheumatic Liniment.

URACE BRAND TABLETS

For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Neuritis, etc.

Where external treatment is possible, use also Urace Brand Liniment. It kills pain without rubbing. 1/3 and 3/- the bottle.

Urace Laboratories, 26 Provost St., London, N.1

BLADDER COMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Price 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

Obtainable at these prices post free from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,
Dispensing Chemists,
Dpt. J.B.23), 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4.

Branches: 63, Grove Rd., Bow, E.3; 409, Barking Rd., East Ham, E.6, etc.

Chemists generally, including Boots', Taylors', and the large stores, gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice.

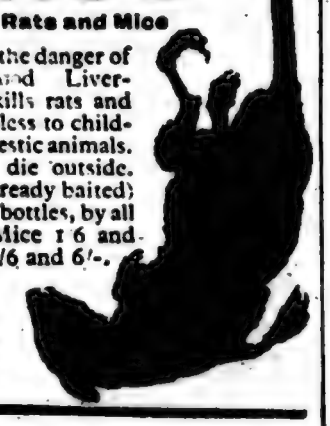
PILES can be definitely cured! Why suffer agony when the wonderful salve, Man Zan, will give instant relief? Soothes, cools and quickly puts an end to the worst cases. Man Zan will end YOUR trouble for good. In easy-to-use tubes, 3/-, fitted with special applicator, from all chemists, or direct (in plain wrapper) from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. A.8), Croydon.

MAN ZAN

protect your health from this pest

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

Wipes out Rats and Mice



Be safe from the danger of rat-tainted food. Liverpool Virus kills rats and mice. Harmless to children and domestic animals. The vermin die outside. Sold in tins (ready baited) and liquid in bottles, by all chemists. Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 6/-.

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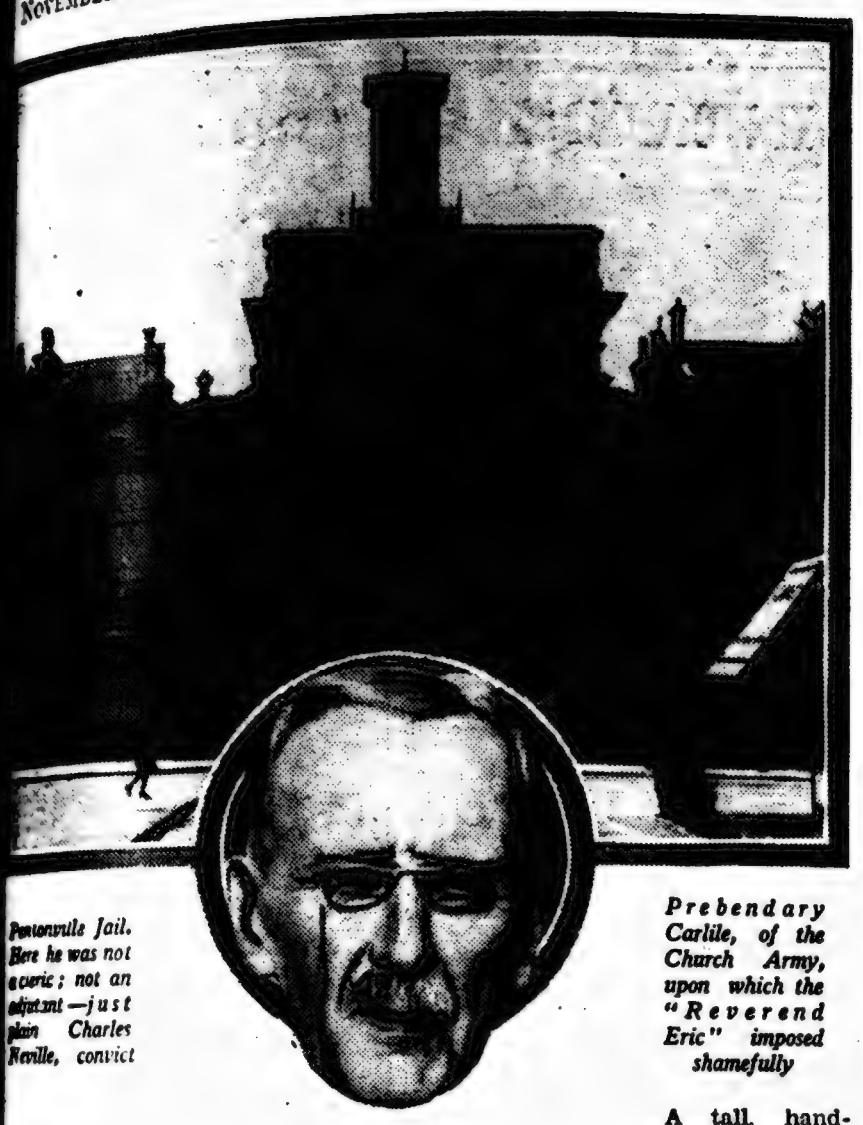

Pentonville Jail. Here he was not a cleric; not an adjutant—just plain Charles Neville, convict

Prebendary Carlile, of the Church Army, upon which the "Reverend Eric" imposed shamefully

BOGUS PASTOR'S Incredible Career

FOR some time a religious impostor has been achieving transitory popularity in various parts of the country.

At the moment he invites the limelight as the "Reverend Eric Wood," and is residing at 28, Talbot Road, Old Trafford, Manchester, which, incidentally, is the address of the local branch of the National Sailors' Society.

This venture, which makes appeals to the public for charitable contributions, has been criticised in JOHN BULL on more than one occasion, besides being blacklisted by the Charity Organisation Society.

Since his arrival in Manchester a few weeks ago to take up his duties in the employ of the National Sailors' Society, the Rev. Eric Wood has ingratiated as "Missioner to Seamen" and is running through the city.

A tall, handsome figure of thirty, with fresh, boyish complexion, and a convincing air of piety, the Rev. Eric Wood has already made great headway in Manchester.

In view of his real character and some ugly facts we have discovered regarding his outrageous pose as a clergyman, we think that the public in general and local seamen in particular should be warned against him.

He has not the slightest claim to the clerical collar he so persistently affects, but is a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing.

We find that before he favoured Manchester with his "reverend" presence he was much in evidence in a South-West London suburb, where he gained considerable esteem by posing as a devout young missioner, eager to spread the gospel throughout the land.

For this occasion he abandoned his clerical collar, and instead of interesting himself in Church of England circles, appeared as an ardent supporter of the Salvation Army in mufti.

Officers of the district embracing Fulham and Ealing accepted his devout sincerity, and his knowledge of Salvation Army routine was such that they never questioned his emphatic statement that he was "Adjutant Wood, S.A.," from another part of the country.

He told a plausible story to the effect that he had come south because his wife, whose parents lived in Fulham, was seriously ill.

While he had been forced to abandon his normal "active service" with the Army, he was nevertheless anxious to keep in touch with the work, and hoped he would be considered of some use locally.

Sheer bluff

This splendid spirit was duly admired, and "Adjutant Wood" was accorded a welcome by the Salvation Army, "West London Division."

His fine bearing, genial kindness and undoubted eloquence all combined to create a good impression, and it was to the general satisfaction of many of the West London Division's officers that "Adjutant Wood" assumed command during their local chief's absence on holiday.

In his rôle as deputy he appeared in full adjutant's uniform, and, by the fervour of his discourses, added considerably to the reputation he had already established.

His powerful personality had a marked effect upon the monetary collections, which rose far above the usual level.

Then a seemingly incredible thing happened.

Adjutant Wood disappeared suddenly at the very pinnacle of his fame, leaving no word or trace behind him.

One of the things that have since been discovered about him is that he profited considerably by selling religious books and theological masterpieces of value which did not belong to him.

So very pious

Disposing of other people's property in this way is a favourite pastime of the supposedly devout Reverend Eric Wood, who finds ready purchasers amongst his many ardent admirers.

It seemed unbelievable that such an open-faced and pious individual could prove to be so base, and great indeed is the consternation of those officials of the Salvation Army into whose ranks he so cleverly insinuated himself.

Yet Wood's audacity will be appreciated when we say that he took up his present position with the National Sailors' Society at Manchester within a few days of leaving West London.

This he did, too, despite the fact that Lt.-Colonel Charles E. Bax, the West London Divisional Commander had, to use his own words, issued a warning regarding his impostures "right through the British Isles."

How, many people will ask, did a man of this calibre obtain his intimate knowledge of Salvation Army routine?

Insinuating

Our enquiries enable us to answer this question and to throw further light upon Wood's chequered career.

A few weeks prior to his appearance in Fulham the inimitable Wood was "down and out" in London.

By telling a plausible story to a man he met in the lounge of a London hotel he raised enough money to take him to Scotland, where, he alleged, work awaited him that would put him on his feet again.

He put up at a temperance hotel in Edinburgh, where he had as fellow-guests several Salvation Army officers.

By posing as the "Reverend Eric Wood" and by manifesting an interest in their work, he was able to pick up numerous items of knowledge which he afterwards aired so successfully in London.

He also improved the shining hour by borrowing heavily from most of his new-found friends.

His permanent abode before these amazing escapades was, it is sad to say, His Majesty's jail at Pentonville.

He was not the Reverend Eric Wood there; nor was he an adjutant, or even a "convert" of the Salvation Army. He was plain Charles Neville, convict.

Here again an interesting story is revealed. An epidemic of thefts had occurred in bookshops and stores in different parts of London

Beyond the fact that most of the stolen books were theological works, there was no clue to go upon.

The bookseller victims never for a moment suspected that the young and studious cleric, who frequently came to browse through their shelves, and who seldom departed without making some small purchase, was the culprit.

Then, one day, police officers who were in hiding at a West End shop where thefts had been very persistent, caught the thief red-handed.

A very bad egg

He struggled fiercely to tear off his clerical collar and throw it away, but was eventually subdued.

He refused his address, but gave his name as Charles Neville.

Later, when he had been sent to jail for six months, his address was discovered, and a search revealed not only those stolen books that he had not yet sold, but a collection of writings of a most degenerate nature.

This raises one of the worst aspects of this man's character.

For, apart from masquerading as a clergyman and imposing upon people under the cloak of religion, the "Reverend Eric Wood" has been convicted for unspeakable offences.

Some time ago he obtained a position as a lieutenant at the London headquarters of the Church Army—that estimable body which succours the wayward and fallen.

He then chose to pass in his own name of William A. Baxter.

But he showed a shameless disrespect for the uniform he was thus privileged to wear, and, after observation had been kept upon him for a considerable time by police-officers, he was actually arrested and charged with importuning male persons and committing acts of indecency in public streets.

Again he went to jail, and, indeed, he has served other prison sentences for obtaining goods by false pretences.

This, then, is the "Rev. Eric Wood"—unmasked.

Is he not, whether in mufti or religious guise, a man to be rigorously avoided?

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* * *

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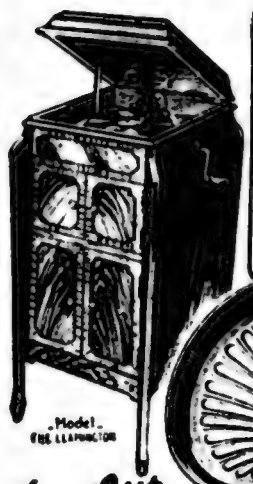
"I shall carry on working at the colliery, but it's grand to know that we'll have a handy bank-balance to fall back on."

"It's grand . . ."

* * *

So whether it's your nervous system or your banking account that you want to tone up, try our Crossword remedy—you'll find the dispensary on page 36.



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A big good share-out club. *The gunman on the right side of justice—Mr. Rockliff, of the London Tabernacle*

LOOK OUT FOR THE ANNUAL DIDDLE!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

A POLE that sticks out a mile among the general laxity of our enactments is the extraordinary way in which the law ignores, year by year, the plundering of poor people by the officials of "loan clubs" and "diddlum clubs." Every year officials are missing when share-out day comes round.

Almost unbelievable, but yet a fact, there is absolutely no legislation covering clubs of this kind, though for years JOHN BULL has been pointing out the simple remedy.

For years, too, magistrates in sentencing defaulting treasurers, and coroners holding inquests on officials who have committed suicide rather than face disgrace, have expressed amazement at the long-standing scandal.

I have in front of me a long list of cases, collected over a period of years, and I have no doubt whatever that the coming Christmas will see the list considerably extended.

A woman conducting a loan club one day drowned herself in the Ship Canal at Liverpool. Unable to face the "share-out" through having spent the money, she borrowed the necessary amount from a money-lender.

Unable in turn to pay him, she took the short way out of her troubles.

Then there was the landlord of a certain inn who ran one of these clubs.

Way out—death

On the day of the share-out he did not appear, and people clamoured in vain for the money they had painfully saved week by week.

He was eventually found hanging from a beam in his own loft.

There are similar tales of theft and suicide from Northampton and London and Manchester, and half the towns and cities of the country.

One man was £300 short when share-out day came. He was sent to prison for three months—but that didn't help the poor people who had trusted him to recover their money.

Another "secretary" was £1,000 short. He simply disappeared, and although a warrant was issued for his arrest, he was never caught.

And so the sorry tale goes on—case after case of trusting people and swindling officials, default, suicide, prison and despair.

And all for the lack of a little common-sense legislation that could not possibly meet with opposition from any quarter of the House of Commons.

It is a crying scandal.

Recently a new manifestation of this annual swindle has become apparent.

The recent Moneylenders Act caused quite a lot of shady gentlemen to shut up shop, but the diddlum clubs have provided a wonderfully bright opportunity for them to carry on their trade by lending money at extortionate rates of interest to both members and non-members of these clubs.

A works scandal

Here is a typical case. A member borrowed £9 from one of these clubs in order to take a fortnight's holiday.

On his return he paid £1 5s. 6d., being three weeks' interest at 10d. in the pound and a shilling a week contributions.

Thereafter he continued to pay 8s. 6d. a week for twenty weeks, at the end of which he still owed the diddlum club £9.

Serious trouble was only avoided by his brother coming to hear of it and lending him the money to pay off the debt.

Here is a much worse case. Four members of a certain diddlum club were "black-listed" for not clearing off various loans they had had.

There was a certain amount of unpleasantness in the works at which they were employed, and the matter eventually reached the foreman's ears. He demanded an explanation.

The truth was startling. These four men had paid over £70 in interest to the club, while the amount outstanding among the four of them did not reach £8.

Anyone who knows the facts knows that most of the unhappiness resulting from workmen falling into the clutches of moneylenders can usually be traced in the first place to diddlum clubs.

It is an endless and a wholly vicious circle—first a loan from the club, then a loan from the moneylender to pay back the club, and then credit from shopkeepers and cut-down household expenditure to meet the payments of interest.

Remedy—easy

The trouble is so widespread and so serious that it really is an astonishing thing that Parliament cannot be brought to end it. For it could so very easily be done.

No such club should be allowed which did not fulfil certain statutory regulations.

The first of these should be the depositing of all money in an account at an approved bank, or at the Post Office, such account to be in the joint names of not less than three trustees appointed by the members of the club.

It should be the duty of the bank to forward a receipt for all such money deposited to an officer of the club, who shall be someone other than the person whose duty it is to receive and deposit the money of the members.

Periodical meetings of the club should be required at which the bank-book is produced, compared with the bank's official receipts, and, if all is in order, initialled by at least two officers other than those concerned in depositing the money.

And, lastly, no withdrawals of any kind should be allowed by the bank unless a properly filled-up form is presented, signed by all the trustees and designating the person or persons authorised to receive the money.

Still they come—

The question of using these clubs as veiled moneylending concerns does not seem to me to matter very much; for some simple regulations like these would automatically put an end to all that sort of pernicious nonsense.

It is rather surprising, in view of the disclosures that every Christmas brings, that people are still foolish enough to put their savings in these unsafe places.

But, however foolish people may be, that is no reason for the law so complacently refusing to make their folly impossible.

At the same time, the laxity of the law is no reason for people refusing to help themselves—and there is really no reason to wait for the cumbersome Parliamentary machine to work.

There would be no loan-club or diddlum-club scandals if their members appointed proper officials and insisted on their working to some such simple rules as I have outlined.

If the officials they appointed objected to these safeguards, the members could draw their own conclusions—for what honest officials would object?

Now Mr. P.M.G.

If Parliament really wished to encourage thrift and safeguard the thrifty against fraud, it could do a very simple thing.

It could cease its skinflint policy and offer a fair and an attractive rate of interest on Post Office savings accounts.

That in itself would go a long way towards putting these extraordinary diddlum clubs out of action.

The Human Machine

WAITING—*or* WATCHING?

THE world is more or less divided into two types—the people who are afraid of what is coming, and those who are eagerly looking forward to whatever may be round the next corner.

There are people who give themselves headaches trying to hold the world back, and people who swim along smilingly and easily on the crest of every wave of progress.

It's not much use trying to fit the new world into old moulds, not very profitable to try to scrap to-morrow in favour of to-day.

The only real virtue that to-day has is that it must inevitably become to-morrow—bringing new chances and creating new opportunities.

The only profitable use anyone can make of to-day is to prepare for to-morrow.

There is a big difference between just waiting for something to turn up and being ready for anything that may turn up—the difference, in fact, between mental alertness and mental stagnation.

People who are afraid of progress are enemies to themselves and the society they live in; and when, every now and then, life gives them a severe shock, they are only getting what they asked for.

For life is movement. Nothing in nature ever stands still. Progress—or decay. That is always the alternative.

If you won't move on with the world you will inevitably slide back. It's up to you to choose. If, when to-morrow comes, you are still complacently living in yesterday, whose fault is that?

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

THE GRASS WIDOW Vamp

She has got him on a chain with a wedding-ring through his nose

A maximum of £2 a week, to be paid regularly for life, or at least until the husband summons up courage to stir up the mud again on the ground that he cannot pay it through changed financial circumstances, may reward her onslaught on her former sweetheart—and possibly a lover still.

With this nice little pension, she is free to look round and get a job.

Before her is a life free from responsibility, care or worry of any kind on a total income probably larger than that of her husband, and on which he will ultimately be responsible for any income-tax payments.

The picture-shows, the theatres, the dance-halls, the skating-rinks are teeming with such women.

REGIMENTS of flapper wives in England to-day are living on the husband's dole. Some are frankly miserable; many are having the time of their lives.

Every day in British police-courts maintenance orders are granted by the dozen.

Over 20,000 homes are broken up every year after the briefest proceedings before a magistrate, often on the most frivolous pretexts. Twenty thousand wrecked men and women—and children unhappy and without a future.

Enter any police-court on Saturday or on an "early closing" afternoon, and you will see one of the most curious, yet saddening, sights in English life.

It is the procession of the alimony girls. From home, from shop, from factory, they come to claim the weekly dole from husbands who on marriage endowed them with all their worldly goods.

Sheepishly they come into the Chief Clerk's room, murmur a number—the number of the separation and maintenance order—take from the assistant-clerk a pound note, maybe two, sign their names in the court book, and depart as sheepishly as they came.

MOST of them are young, surprisingly young. You would take them anywhere for single girls—but their left hands are always gloved.

They all know one another. There is no room for pride in this little room. The wife of the professional man, the shop-assistant, the domestic servant are here on a level. Each knows that the home affairs of the others have crashed.

Many of them, you can learn, are the early quitters in the family game; wives, weak-willed but obstinate, who were quite unable to cope with the early tiffs that arise when home-building.

They sought, perhaps, to impose their will on a man over some trifle—and failed. A row resulted.

Then, counting the "till death do us part" bond as nothing, they scuttled to the magistrate, determined to get the man under their thumb and make him pay and keep on paying or go to jail.

The ease with which separation orders can be obtained in police-courts by wives—not by husbands, mark you, for there are only two grounds on which *they* can get free, if at all—has fostered a large and rapidly increasing breed of alimony-hunters, some of them girls who married only to seek maintenance at the first possible opportunity.

ANY wife who feels herself aggrieved may apply for a summary jurisdiction order on the ground that her husband is guilty of assault, desertion, persistent cruelty, wilful neglect to maintain, drunkenness or cruelty to the children.

Those are the common grounds, but there are others. The man, however, may apply only on the ground that his wife is an habitual drunkard or is cruel to the children.

Desertion, even on the ground that hubby stays out late at night, is a card that has been played.

Wilful neglect to maintain—since magistrates do not lay too much stress on the word "wilful" following a technical change made by the Separation and Maintenance Act, 1925—is a ground more certain of success, and one becoming more popular as times get harder.

Cruelty need now seldom be proved to be persistent, or even physical.

So the flapper wife, after her little tiff or with a few shillings short on the housekeeping money, goes boldly forward to make her husband smart.

She is confident that she will have the sympathy of the magistrate; confident, too, that if her husband is a professional man with a job to think of and the good opinion of his friends, he will not want a coloured story of domestic friction to din the ears of his employers.

IF there is a child or children—well, that is unfortunate; but it means a bigger allowance, and they can be put in the care of someone somewhere—what does it matter?

The maintenance order, with its high reward and the bright prospect it offers of additional "pocket-money" earnings, is breeding an unscrupulous, heartless and vindictive type of woman.

She may have cried aloud about her husband's illicit relations to get her order; having got it, she condones them, content to stick to his name and take his money.

She will not seek divorce; she will not permit her husband to see the children—and no magistrate has the power to make her.

Money alone is what she wants from her husband. He is in her grasp for life.

Well does the modern alimony girl know that if the pension-provider falls out of work and his payments drop behind he can be harried into a debtors' prison, trier though he may be—making every effort to meet his obligations.

Police-court separations are an evil far graver in its consequences to the nation than divorce. They are, in the opinion of many well qualified to judge, the most mighty cause of immorality existing in the country to-day.

They are responsible for the union of thousands of couples who would be overjoyed to marry if the alimony-hunter would divorce her husband—for the birth of thousands of illegitimate children who might well have been born in wedlock but for the vindictiveness of the woman who gets the separation order. Sometimes they lead to bigamy.

Some day Parliament will have again to turn its attention to this matter. Humanity demands that the blot should be removed from British life and legislation.

MUCH of the evil would never develop if the grounds for separation were made the same for men as for women, and if all such cases were first heard, *and fully heard*, in Courts of Domestic Relations such as Mr. H. Snell, the Socialist M.P., has sought to get Parliament to establish.

If divorce were made compulsory after three years of life apart, thousands who now desire it would be enabled to live in legal union. There should be no intermediate stage between divorce and marriage.

Even as the law now stands, magistrates might do much to stem the flood of separation and maintenance applications and to reunite families if they drastically reduced the amounts payable under orders where there is evidence that the woman is earning a good wage or salary herself, is vindictive, or tolerant of her husband's unfaithfulness.

A Glittering Council from the East

SERVED in Buller's Army in the South African War—Dr. Moonji, M.L.A.

LEADING Sikh chief and a high Freemason — the Maharajah of Patiala.

A LEVEL-HEADED statesman who suffers from a relative in a wilder camp. Sir Manohar Mehta.

SHREWD modern ruler and a famous polo-player — the Nawab of Bhopal

ON November 12, in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, East meets West in momentous conference. The fate of India, and partly that of the Empire, hangs upon this Round Table Talk.

The vast problem to be tackled affects 320 million people, with 200 different languages and innumerable religions, of which the two principal are fiercely antagonistic.

Some way must be found to reconcile all these contrary interests and mould them into one federated whole, with the progressive realisation of responsible government, and as a part of the British Empire.

Who are these picturesque people now assembling? JOHN BULL is able to provide vivid character sketches of the principal figures.

The chief delegates of the Conference are already here. In the first division—the ruling princes—are the chiefs of Bikanir, Patiala, Kashmir, Baroda and Bhopal.

Not among the richest of the Indian potentates, the Maharajah of Patiala is possibly the most powerful. His influence is enormous.

As direct and clear-sighted as the Maharajah of Baroda, as impervious and aristocratic as tall Bikanir, Patiala is one of the greatest forces among the rulers at Delhi. He is Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes.

He has suffered at odd times from a series of vilification intrigues engineered by a special clique, but he retains a strong sense of humour which often confounds his friends and foes alike.

Leading Sikh chief and a high Freemason, he is a great friend of British rule in India, and under his directon the income of his State—the largest in the Punjab—has doubled itself.

He is never at a loss for a word. Seeking a prominent European statesman once at Geneva—the Maharajah is a keen supporter of the League of Nations—he found the gentleman in the library, the only white man present among a group of coloured diplomats and politicians.

Walking up to him, he tapped him on the shoulder, smiled quizzically and enquired: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

The Maharajah of Kashmir, like the ruling Prince of Bhopal, succeeded to his title and estates at a comparatively early age. Both are famed for their hospitality and fine administrative powers.

The Nawab of Bhopal holds the distinction of being among the best half-dozen polo-players in the British Empire. He is extremely handsome, a friend of the Prince of Wales.

There is Afghan blood in his veins, although his country does not march with that wild kingdom, as does that ruled by Kashmir.

The Maharajah of Kashmir—the most beautiful province in India—is a powerful ally of the British Raj. His support is almost vital to Delhi. He presides over a State which guards the outer frontier of the Empire—a veritable bulwark of the *Pax Britannica*.

* * *

He is a shrewd man in council and, like picturesque Baroda, a passionate champion of his State's interests and welfare.

Baroda will prove a sturdy friend of Britain at the conference. Wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice—income £6,000,000 per annum—he is, possibly, the most progressive of all the Princes.

In his small state, he has introduced free and compulsory education, especially among women.

There are village libraries, travelling dispensaries, railways, Boy Scouts—practically every enlightened reform known to Western civilisation.

He was years ago the victim of the most spiteful and ignorant attack on the part of British newspapers, but his war record of loyalty is past all dispute superb.

Fought for Britain

At his English home, "Russels," at Watford, he has entertained many of the leading British statesmen, and once he accompanied the late Lord Birkenhead to an open-air Conservative rally in the district and addressed the audience.

Of the Maharajah of Bikanir it is enough to know he is not only a distinguished statesman, but an intensely accomplished soldier. He has fought for the British Empire on three Continents: Asia, Europe and Africa.

He is a Freeman of London, Edinburgh, Manchester and Bristol. He knows as much of European politics as Monsieur Briand and besides the Indian Conference, he represents India at the Imperial Conference.

Bitter flavouring

Two of the great States are represented by extremely able Ministers, notably Hyderabad, the ancient Mogul province, by Nawab Sir Muhammad Akbar Hydari.

The Maharajah of Bikanir has also brought his Prime Minister, Sir Manbhai Mehta, a level-headed statesman, who, perhaps, like Mr. Baldwin, suffers from a relative in the wilder camp.

The second group—that of British India—is a very large one, and the names of the Hindu gentlemen are so long and complicated that they will not convey much to the ordinary British reader.

* * *

The list includes many men of judgment and acumen, some careerists, many lawyers, one or two bitter, implacable Hindu seditionists of the type concerning which it has been said "that stone dead hath no fellow."

First, and in many ways foremost, is the Aga Khan, the leader of a rather special Muhammadan sect, and the only Indian owner, not only of a winner of the Derby, but also of the Cesarewitch, and, what is more important, a man of the world, who looks at public affairs from that view-point.

Among the most prominent of the Moslems is Nawab Sir Sahibzada Abdul Qaiyuni, a man from the frontier province, where men are men, and where he has held high office in the State service.

He will be on the side of effective government, as, apart from a coterie of Soviets, will also Captain Sir Muhammad Ahmad

KNIGHTS *of the* BIG ROUND TABLE

TYPICAL of younger India; holds a great border trust—the Maharajah of Kashmir.

PROMINENT Moslem from a frontier province—Nawab Sir Sahibzada Abdul Qaiyum.

EXTREMELY able Minister of a great State—Nawab Sir Muhammad Akbar Hydari.

LAWYER and Dominion status man—Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.

...TSTANDING persona...lity, ...ed in the ...t War — the ...harajah of ...mir.

Said Khan, who is one of the younger of the big landowners near Agra, representing a large and prosperous peasantry.

Among the lawyers is an active Muhammadan politician, little Mr. M. A. Jinnah, a self-made man from Karachi, with an eager political wife.

He is one of the Moslem clique which enjoys Hindu confidence so far as the politically-minded Hindus are concerned; but his views are spoilt by the apparent inferiority complex from which he suffers.

He lost status by being foolish enough to boycott the Simon Commission, with its offer of a great charter.

* * *

Another Moslem is Maulana Muhammad Ali, educated at Aligarh and Oxford, who has spent some time in jail for his subversive activities, but who has now realised perhaps that the British are the true friends of India. He opposed the Gandhi "civil disobedience" folly.

Tough nuts

A notable representative of the Parsee business community is Sir Cowasji Jehangir (junior), representing large business interests in Bombay.

Coming to the Hindu groups, among the most outstanding is the Kashmir pundit lawyer, Sir Teg Bahadur Sapru, at one time a member of the Viceroy's Cabinet, who for a time was curiously opposed to much that Government was doing.

Lately he has been sampling the eccentricities and depths of the Gandhi complex in trying to discuss affairs with the saint.

An ex-Cabinet Minister, and a Moslem, is Sir Muhammad Shafi, of the Lahore family of the Gardeners of Shalimar, a lawyer and an educationist.

Dr. Moonji, M.L.A., is a Brahmin from Nagpur, who, like Gandhi himself, served with Buller's army in the South African War.

As a leader of the Brahmin influence party, he is likely to endeavour to obtain undue influence which the rest of India is opposing. He may be classed as a "tough nut" in this respect.

Sir Chimanlal Harilal Setalvad, an able Bombay lawyer, is obsessed with the Dominion status complex, as is Sir Teg Bahadur Sapru, and will need countering if the British safeguards are not to be lost.

Mrs. Shah Nawaz is an intelligent lady from the lawyer classes of the Punjab, the daughter of Sir Muhammad Shafi, already described, with interests and some experience in women's education.

* * *

Another educated lady member, from 1,500 miles farther south, is Mrs. Subbaraban, the wife of the Chief Minister of the Madras Province, well read and broad-minded.

A Parsee member of the most influential circles in Bombay is Sir Phiroze Setna, a Liberal by label, but credited with an extremist point of view.

A stout soldier, bitterly opposed to Brahmin dominion, and one of few representatives of those virile Indian races who follow the Union Jack round the world, is Captain Rajah Sher Muhammad Khan of Domeli.

He was for twenty-five years an officer of the Army, of the great military race of history, the Ghakkars.

He is likely to be bitterly on the side of farmer and peasant against lawyer and moneylender.

Stiff backbones

Criticism in India is somewhat severe as regards the backbone of some of the representatives of the big British interests—merchants in Bombay, it is said, being ready to sacrifice the world for present profits, and cut their own throats cheerfully.

That is probably entirely untrue, for among them are Sir Hubert Winch Carr, of the Assam tea interests; Mr. Tracey Gavin Jones, of Upper India business concerns; and Mr. C. E. Wood, of Messrs. Parry and Co., of Madras.

All these are tigers for Empire and British rights and control, while more than sympathetic to India's reasonable demands.

* * *

Colonel Gidney, late of the Indian Medical Service, represents the Domiciled and Mixed Community, and has been over here often in their important interests.

There are a few vital points to remember, when the British public come to have their say.

The generous and kindly experiment of the last ten years in self-government has received the most ample assistance from all British servants of State.

Yet, despite this, a section of the Indian intelligentsia have deliberately blocked every movement.

Face this peril

They have organised what is practically a rebellion, have created a vast secret murder service, destroying British and Indian officials and employees ruthlessly. They even bombed the sympathetic Simon Commission.

A most deliberate and systematic campaign to injure British trade has been fostered by the same agency, and through the unchecked folly of Gandhi thousands of peaceful cultivators have been stirred to resist ordinary authority by force.

This, largely engineered since the Simon Commission reported, has vitiated some of its provisions, especially that of putting the police who are suppressing trouble at the mercy of these same revolutionaries.

Try a Manikin! Care vanishes with the first whiff and half an hour's complete enjoyment lies before you ere you lay aside the tiny end.

Friendly, restful little smokes these Manikins —Calm consolation in every puff.

Quite economical. Your tobacconist will be delighted to supply you with a packet—10d. buys 5.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

A NICE FUR
lends charm and distinction to the wearer. Our Fur Department offers lovely Furs at lowest prices on Easy Terms. Only small payment required with order, and monthly payments afterwards if satisfied. Write for Catalogue of all favourite varieties at a Guinea to Five Guineas upwards. Full Approval. 30 years character for straightforward trading.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

A. J. ALAN,

the popular broadcasting yarn-spinner,

sometimes tells a Real Life Story. Here is one of them

My Strange SEA TRIP

Illustrated by W. J. Turner

ONE morning, this last December as ever is, my chief sent for me and told me I'd got to go to America to do a job. What the job was doesn't matter two hoots; but if I don't tell you, you'll only say I'm being mysterious—so you may as well know.

Out in British Honduras there are two or three large estates in which the British Government is interested. One of these estates wasn't behaving quite as it should, or rather the manager wasn't.

So the Office of Overseas Trade hit on the bright idea of borrowing me and sending me out to interview this manager bloke.

My chief seemed to be in a somewhat melting mood for Monday morning, and to be giving me rather *carte blanche* as to how I got out to Belize.

So I said: "Well, sir, if it's all the same to you, I should rather like to go in the *Hood*"; and he said: "You will not go in the *Hood*"; so the *carte* wasn't quite as *blanche* as I thought it was.

I FISHED about and discovered that the Green Funnel Line was running a most attractive cruise to the Sunny West Indies.

The ship was the *Miranda*, and she was going to call at Belize among other places, and it all looked most convenient to me; but not to our accountants' department.

When I broached the idea of a pleasure-cruise at Government expense they went up in a blinding sheet of flame, and they were still too hot to touch on January 2, when I sailed.

The ship wasn't anything like full, and there was plenty of room in the saloon. There were only about a dozen tables, with eight or ten people at each.

At my table, besides the captain, there was a certain Sir George Billing with his wife and daughter. I sat next to the daughter. They were extremely nice, homely people.

The old man had been the head of a large iron and steel works. He sold his business to a syndicate for half a million pounds—a nice, comfortable sum.

There was also a man called Skinner who sat opposite to us. He was quite inoffensive, with iron grey hair, and the most credulous individual I have ever come across.

He believed anything he was told. There was no satisfaction in pulling his leg because it simply came away in your hand.

Nothing of the slightest interest happened on the voyage out, so I shan't waste time in describing it.

We anchored off Belize, about two miles out—you can't go in closer because there isn't enough water—and I went ashore.

"A fussy little man came running back, looking very hot and bothered"

The *Miranda* was only going to stay there for two days, so it was arranged that if I didn't get back before she sailed I was to follow her down the coast somehow, and rejoin her at her next port of call.

This was going to be Puerta Caballos in Spanish Honduras.

When I got ashore at Belize, I hired a car and drove inland to this place I'd got to go to.

The manager of the estate was a dago, and he wasn't expecting me. He was lying on the floor, blind to the world.

My instructions said nothing about being polite to drunken dagos, so I wasn't.

I got back to Belize just in time to see the *Miranda* go out of sight.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and no southbound steamer due for another two days. I sent a radio to the captain telling him how things were, and then repaired (I think that's the right word) to an hotel.

After dinner I strolled out into the bar and met a fellow called Blair. He was the son of a big timber man in the district, and we got talking.

He'd apparently just come of age, and his father had given him a motor-boat for a birthday present.

I suggested, in fun, of course, that he might run me down to Puerta Caballos in her. But he said he'd be only too pleased.

We drove down to the harbour and

(*Continued on page 24*)

Sleep

GOLDEN hours of sound, refreshing sleep rebuild the tired brain and body. Worn and ragged nerves are soothed and restored. New energy and vitality are created to meet the demands of the coming day.

Sleep comes quickly and naturally to those who, before retiring, drink a cupful of delicious "Ovaltine." There is no food beverage richer in restorative nourishment—none more easily digested.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's tonic foods—creamy milk, barley malt, and eggs from our own and selected farms. Eggs are particularly important because they supply organic phosphorus—an essential element for building up brain and nerves.

There is no other food beverage comparable to delicious "Ovaltine." It is the cheapest in cost—the richest in nourishment—the most economical in use.

Make delicious "Ovaltine" your "good night" beverage every night. You will sleep soundly and wake refreshed and invigorated.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3 2/-, & 3/9.

P 667

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

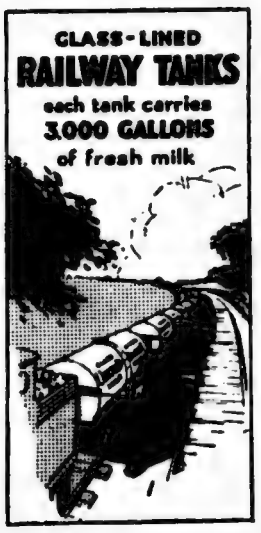
It took

12,000 UD workers

to put that bottle of milk at your door

Before the dawn or after dawn, according to the time of the year, but as sure as the dawn comes, so does the U.D. Salesman with your milk.

A few hours ago in the luscious green pastures—now at your door; fresh, creamy pasteurized milk in crystal-clear sealed bottles, ready to your need.



Every day of the week, every day of the year, all your life, your milk is there before you wake—so never-failing that you take it for granted. Do you ever give a thought to the vast enterprise necessary to ensure it?

It took the whole resources of the United Dairies, functioning every minute of day and night, with its twelve thousand employees, to place that bottle of milk at your door this morning.

Every available source of fresh milk in the dairy counties around London is embraced, necessitating the entire supply of many thousands of farms. Every means of rapid and hygienic transport is enrolled to speed the milk to you. Collecting dairies are dotted all over the countryside. Insulated glass-lined train tanks and glass-lined lorry tanks rush it off to the U.D. Pasteurization dairies encircling London. After Pasteurization it is filled in clean, sterile, sealed bottles, and so to you.

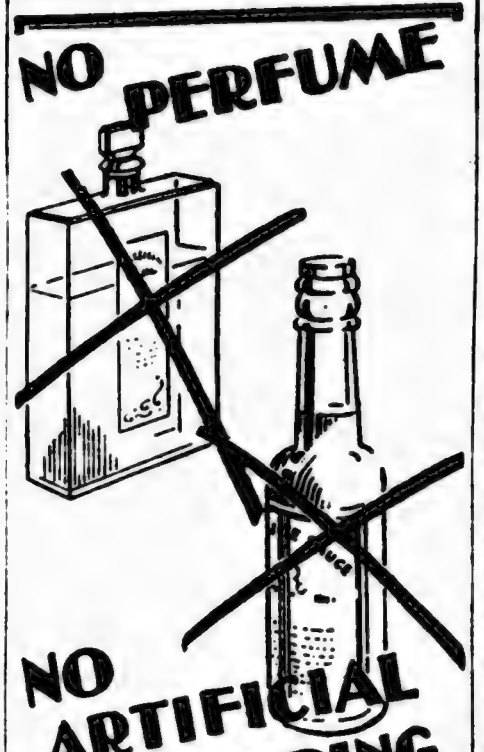
and yet U.D. pasteurized bottled milk costs no more than other milk

United Dairies

pasteurized bottled Milk

UNITED DAIRIES (London) LTD

Twice a day in every London street

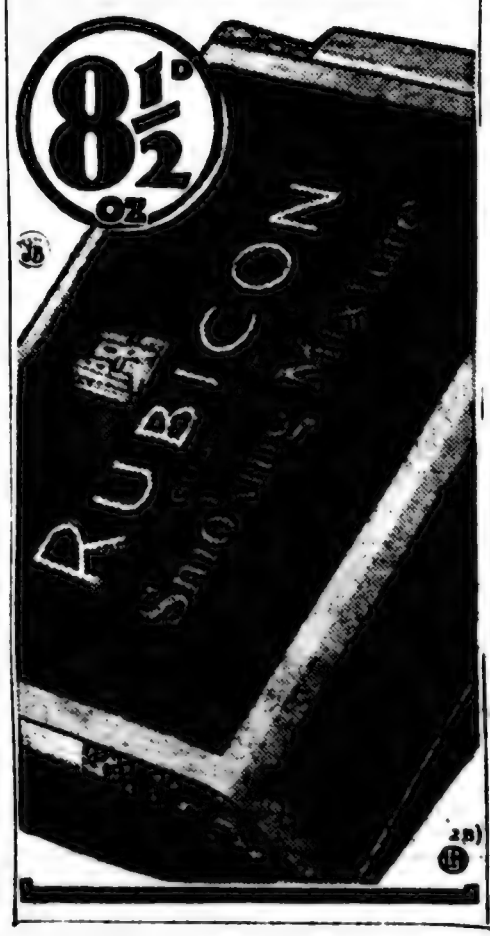


To make sure of getting a straightforward, honest, "undoctored" Tobacco ask for RUBICON MIXTURE.

Made entirely from pure, natural leaf, its rich, mellow, *natural* flavour gives far greater satisfaction than you get from the artificial "tang" of ordinary scented mixtures.

There's economy, too, in smoking RUBICON MIXTURE at 8½d. the oz. It burns as only pure tobacco can burn—slowly, evenly and coolly right down to the last shred.

Made by John Sinclair, Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne —makers for over 70 years of pure, honest Tobacco.



A. J. Alan's "Strange Sea Trip"

went on board this motor-boat. She wasn't much to look at in the dark. Outside, she seemed to be about 40 ft. long, but her inside consisted of one vast motor.

When we got going we made a noise like fourteen aeroplanes.

We started at ten and got to Puerta Caballos just after one, and it's 120 miles. You can work it out for yourselves. We never saw *Miranda* at all. I expect she was miles out to sea and we were close in shore.

I half thought Blair and his mechanic would spend the night at Puerta Caballos, but oh, no, they just came ashore and got some petrol and whisky, and started back. I found an hotel and went to bed.

At six o'clock in the morning, for some extraordinary reason, I woke and got up. Just as I was finishing my breakfast *Miranda* came in sight.

I hired a small boat and rowed out to where she was going to anchor. They found me resting on my oars, pretending I'd rowed all the way from Belize—and you'd be surprised how many people swallowed it.

However, to get on. The *Miranda* was going to stay at Puerta Caballos for nearly a week, and the Billings decided to put up at an hotel for a few days.

AT lunch, before they went ashore, someone—I think it was Skinner—told Sir George that the largest tree in the world was somewhere in the neighbourhood, and that he ought to see it.

He seemed to like the idea, and in the evening he sent a message on board to say he'd hired a small motor-coach for next day to go and see this blooming tree, and he invited about a dozen of us to go too, including Skinner.

Next morning we met at Sir George's hotel, and duly went out to the place where this tree grew.

One of the party said he thought there were still bigger trees in California, which struck me as rather bad form considering we'd been taken there as guests.

On our way back to the car, Sir George, Skinner and I came across a leather wallet lying on the road. We picked it up, of course, and found it contained a passport and two thousand dollars.

We were wondering what to do when a fussy little man came running back along the path, looking very hot and bothered. The moment I saw him I knew he reminded me of someone, but I couldn't remember who.

He was an Englishman, and he said his name was Drysdale, and this agreed with the passport and cards and things, so it was quite all right.

We handed over the wallet, and he simply overwhelmed us with thanks. He felt he must do something to repay us.

He said: "I tell you what. There are some races here to-morrow, and there's a horse called 'Veschia' that's going to win. I'm going to put a tenner on for each of you"—and he jumped into his car and drove off.

Well, we thought it would be rather fun to go to these races next day, and we did, and to my intense surprise there *was* a horse called "Veschia," and it *did* win—at ten to one.

So, of course, we said: "That's the end of that. We shan't be seeing any more of Master Drysdale."

But, to my incredibly great surprise, he came bustling up about five minutes after the race and handed each of us the equivalent of a hundred pounds in perfectly good notes, and for the life of me I couldn't see that there was a catch anywhere.

ON the top of that he insisted on carting the three of us back to his hotel for lunch—Sir George, Skinner and me, that is—and all the time I kept wondering who it was I'd met before that he was so like.

Afterwards, when the old brandy had done its work and we were beginning to get a bit mellow, he put his elbows on the table and made a confession.

He said: "Gentlemen, these races here are a fraud. The owners all arrange among themselves which horses are to win, and I'm in the know."

He said that the next day but one a certain horse was going to win, and that if we cared to produce a really substantial sum he'd put it on for us.

This was to repay us for our honesty in returning his wallet, and it struck me as rather humorous.

Sir George thought it was all right, and cabled to his bank in England for twenty thousand pounds.

Skinner got hold of some money, too —I never knew how much.

On the Thursday—that is, the day of the great race—I thought I'd better go to the Consulate and see if there were any cables for me about the Belize business. So I went ashore. This was in the morning at eleven o'clock.

Just where you land there are some public gardens, with seats and things, and on one of these seats was Skinner. I wondered vaguely who he was waiting for.

HOWEVER, he seemed quite pleased to see me, and frightfully cock-a-hoop about the fortune he was going to win. Where was I off to?

I told him the Consulate; but he said: "Oh, go there afterwards. I've found a pub where they keep really decent beer."

Well, it certainly *was* very hot, so we went along to this *boitchi*, and they brought us two foaming beakers of quite excellent iced lager.

We had this under an awning almost on the pavement, and people were passing quite close in front of us.

We hadn't been there more than two minutes when Skinner said: "Lor, there's old Tony—I haven't seen him for five years," and he dashed off after a man who'd just gone by.

I gathered he was going to fetch this man back, so I waited. At the end of ten minutes the waiter came out with a telephone message from

CONTINUED FROM P. 22

Next week

THE MAN WHO F

a moving story of Armistice Day by

Ex-Private "X

the Author of "War is War."

him—"He'd been detained, but was his way back."

I lowered some more lager, but it was still no sign of him, so I chu it and went to the Consulate.

There wasn't anything for me happened, so I strolled down to Billings' hotel to see if any of felt like coming out to lunch

When I got there there was a p to do going on, and a *vigilante* standing on the steps.

You mustn't think that a *vi* is a sort of romantic mythical b like a valkyrie or a houri, becau isn't—it's a policeman, and it w white spats

This particular *vigilante* tried stop me going in, but I took no no of course, and strode past him jus I should have—er—stridden pas valkyrie or a hou . . .—well, pas valkyrie.

Inside there were several m *vigilantes*, and the entire hotel s from the manager downwards waving their arms and talking at o

I couldn't get a word of sense ou anyone, so I went up to the Billi suite to ask what all the fuss about, and when I got there I fo that it was all about them.

YOU remember they were all go to these races in the afterno and as Drysdale knew ropes he was going to do actual betting?

Very well, then. An appointm had been made for them all three meet and hand the money over Drysdale, and they'd met in George's sitting-room.

Actually Sir George, Skinner Drysdale had been the only ones in room, but Lady Billing and Miss B ing had been in the two bedroo which opened out of it, packing.

When they'd got all this two thousand pounds out on the ta counting it into bundles, a page came to the door and said Sir Geo was wanted on the telephone do stairs, and he went.

It wasn't quite as mad as it sou because he was leaving Skinner th but it wasn't a wise thing to do.

When he came back a few minu later he found no Drysdale, no Skinn and no notes—and it wasn't till t that it dawned on me who Drysd reminded me of.

When I'd booked my ticket in Green Funnel Office in London the been a man standing next me at counter who was the very image him, but they can't have been the s person because the man in the sh ping office had a moustache.

A WEEK'S LAUGHS

This is one of the many excellent jokes taken from this week's 'Passing Show,' now on sale—price 2d.

Friend: "Have you seen the new noiseless baby-carriages?" Parent: "I don't think anything of the idea. Noiseless babies would be more to the point."

"Well, I never!"

says Mrs. Rawlins

'My word, but they're lovely. Four years' using, come January, if I remember rightly. And good for twice as long! That's a feather in my cap, seeing as 'ow I've 'ad the washing and ironing of them. But I've got to be fair! Without Robin I'd be lost. Robin's been as good as money in the bank to me! Mixes easy as wink! Has the gloss in it! The iron seems to run of itself when the things are Robin'd. Why, I've no sooner started than I've finished! And the finish! Like a mirror! Myself and Robin Starch, that's what you'd call a partnership. I've said time and time again, Mum, that Robin Starch is the first and last thing anybody's got to learn about ironing.'

ROBIN *Starch*

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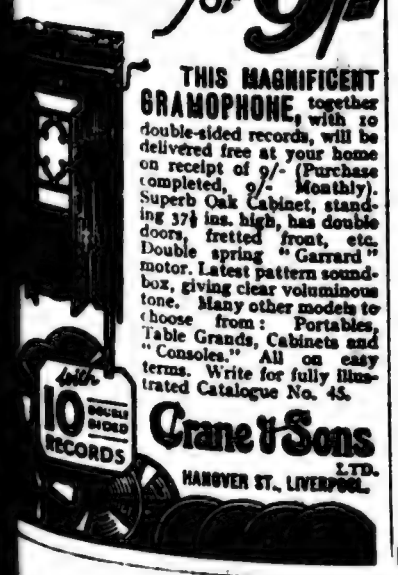

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For every course

except of course the sweets

H.P.

the SAUCE that leaves clean plates

Just a little in the soup—a few drops with the meat and cheese—gives that finishing touch which makes the meal so enjoyable.

Children need the energy breakfast

to see them through busy morning hours

Kiddies at a London school, full of fun and energy to enjoy playtime. Mothers realize the importance of sending children to school properly nourished with a delicious breakfast of Quaker Oats.

LEADING school authorities realise the value of a good nourishing breakfast to see children through the morning hours when 70% of the day's school work is done.

Don't handicap your children with an inadequate breakfast . . . Build up their stamina and health every morning with a good hot breakfast of Quaker Oats—the finest start to an active day.

No ordinary oatmeal can compare with Quaker for its rich delicious flavour. That's because Quaker Oats is milled from the world's finest oats and roasted by a special process giving Quaker that rich, creamy flavour no other oats has ever been able to imitate.

Containing every vital health element Quaker Oats gives not only greater energy but more *lasting* energy than ordinary breakfast foods, and is most economical too.

Quick *Quaker takes no longer to prepare than the morning pot of tea, making the richest hot breakfast the easiest and quickest to prepare.*

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker. Both made in Canada. Sold by all grocers in two sizes—4½d. and 9½d. per packet, except in the Irish Free State.*

Quaker Oats

Q 38

THE ENERGY BREAKFAST

Nervous Debility

The Result of Shock, Worry or Illness

If shock, worry, or illness has sapped your energy and shattered your nerves, until you feel as though you will *never* be able to enjoy life again, read this letter! The writer felt just as you do—yet *in a few weeks* she became "a new woman"!

"*About four months ago I got into a very serious state of nervous debility caused through shock and consequent worry. I was so weak and ill I could scarcely get about and I could not lie down at night for palpitation. I was ordered away. At the end of three weeks I was no better, so in sheer desperation, and but little faith, I bought a 5/- bottle of 'Phyllosan' Brand Tablets. In a few days the fluttering and heart trouble ceased, and now, nearly at the end of my second bottle, I feel a new woman. All the dizziness and depression have gone and my friends are marvelling at my wonderful recovery.*"

'Phyllosan' Brand of Chlorophyll Tablets are prepared under the direction of Dr. E. Buergi, of Berne University. They contain no deleterious drugs, form no harmful habit, and have no unpleasant after-effects. Two tiny tasteless tablets three times a day before meals are all you need take to win new strength, new energy, new joy in life! Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity, and is therefore more economical.

Start taking

'PHYLLOSAN'

BRAND Regd.

Tablets *TO-DAY!*

For Premature Old Age, Hardened Arteries, Heart Weakness, High Blood Pressure, Lowered Vitality, Debility, Anæmia, Malnutrition, Neurasthenia, etc.

All Chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

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Please send me a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," describing Dr. Buergi's researches and the remarkable results obtained with 'Phyllosan' Brand Tablets.

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Use unsealed envelope, with ½d. stamp. J.B., 1.11.30

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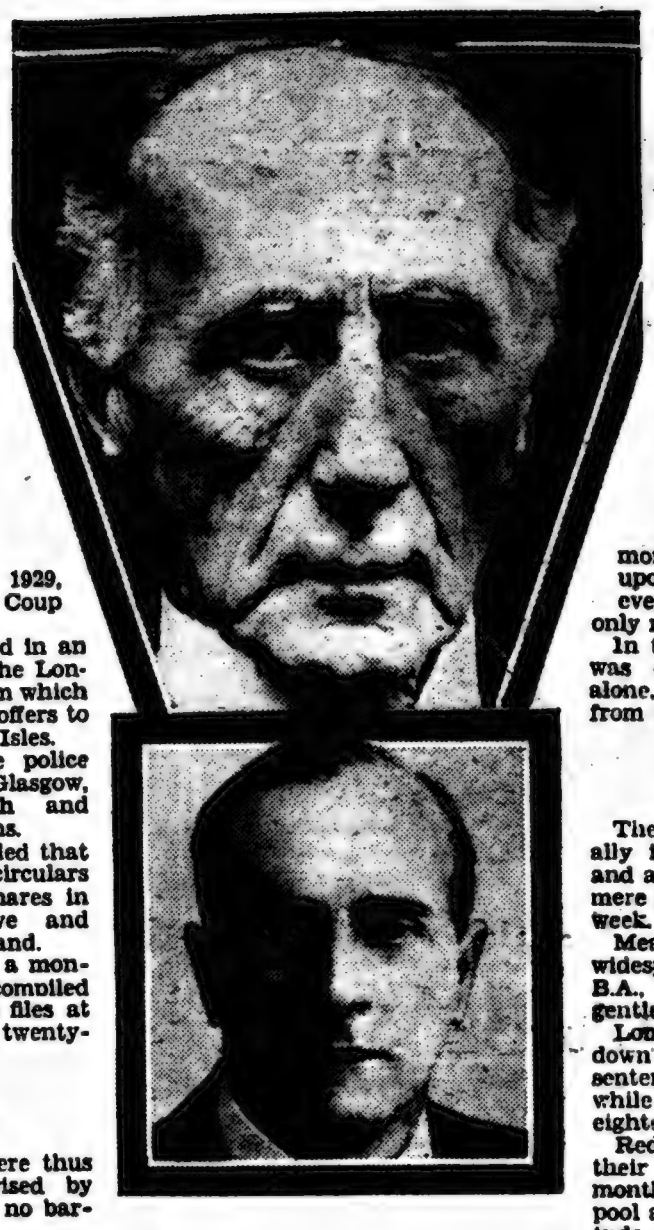
Bucket-Shop Crime Genius Goes Down



A HOARY HEADED Old Villain

AT the Old Bailey, Osb faced Sir Henry Du who, sentencing him, s that this was one of the w cases of its kind he had tr Below, Mr. Percival Cl prosecuting counsel

OF all the rogues who have been brought to justice following exposure in these columns, we can recall few as remarkable as Alfred Osborne, who has just been sentenced at the Old Bailey for share frauds.

The frauds which formed the subject of his prosecution were fully exposed in our issue for December 28, 1929, under the heading "£30,000 Coup at the Judges' Door."

Osborne was then established in an office in the very shadow of the London High Courts of Justice, from which he was making tempting share offers to people throughout the British Isles.

Complaints rolled in to the police from Winchester, Sheffield, Glasgow, Hull, Brightlingsea, Falmouth and countless other cities and towns.

Enquiries thus started revealed that thousands of most impressive circulars had been sent out offering shares in some of the most exclusive and prosperous companies in England.

It then became known that a monster mailing-list had been compiled from particulars lodged in the files at Somerset House relating to twenty-eight big companies.

Cool audacity

The various shareholders were thus being systematically circularised by Osborne, who, of course, had no bargain shares in his possession.

In five instances alone he obtained £1,800, and these cases were made the subject of the charges on which a warrant was issued for his arrest.

Fifty other concrete complaints were soon amassed against him, but by this time Osborne and two of his assistants had disappeared.

The blatant audacity of Osborne will be apparent when we say that, while the police were scouring the country for him, he was calmly operating another impudent scheme from an office barely a mile away from his former headquarters.

This new venture was conducted in the name of "Braithwaite and Co." The notepaper, which was the last word in tasteful, yet costly, simplicity, gave the chief director's name as J. E. K. Braithwaite.

Mr. J. E. K. Braithwaite was Osborne.

Information in due course reached the authorities concerning the activities of "Braithwaite and Co."; but when enquiries were subsequently made at the Victoria Street offices, the police had no idea that the "wanted" Osborne had anything to do with the new concern.

White-haired sinner

The venerable, white-haired Braithwaite received his visitors most courteously, but was immediately recognised as Osborne, for his portrait had by that time been widely circulated as a "wanted man" in connection with the Carey Street coups.

The police are to be warmly congratulated because by this chance capture of Osborne they undoubtedly nipped his new schemes in the bud.

For the office of Braithwaite and Co. was found to contain 3,000 circulars stamped and addressed to various investors throughout the country and 6,000 envelopes addressed and ready for stamping.

As in the Carey Street venture, these circulars were offering valuable shares at bargain prices. They were dated for the 16th of the month; Osborne, alias Braithwaite, was arrested on the 15th.

Osborne's career of crime may be said to have commenced in 1894 when he was operating extensively as a bank thief and forger.

Educated at a university, and the son of a wealthy company promoter in Liverpool, he is an exceptionally fine penman.

He was thus able to "doctor" scores of cheques, stolen for him from offices by underlings, and most of them had been successfully uttered before he was arrested and sentenced to penal servitude in the name of Guy Richard Preston.

Upon his release he decided to change, if not exactly to mend, his methods. In the alias of "Dr. Harvey Richards, B.A., B.Sc.," he took a large house at Blackpool and opened it as a college for boys.

He catered specially for the sons of select families and conducted this establishment quietly enough until 1902.

Then he suddenly plunged into one of the greatest financial conspiracies ever known.

In the name of John Redgrave he devised an astounding scheme, making use of a seventy-year-old solicitor named Frederick Lomax, who had been on the rolls for forty- years, and who had a boasted an exempl character.

He took a house at Barnet called "St. Olaf" having it thoroughly repa offered it on lease through Lomax.

It was thus disposed o lease to different people a and again, and seven mortgages were separately r upon the property, which did even belong to Redgrave, bu only rented by him.

In the space of three weeks £1 was obtained on duplicated le alone, and the total haul resul from this conspiracy was £37,000.

College prospered

The then Public Prosecutor ev ally intervened and arrested Lo and a clerk named Birkett, who w mere pawn of Redgrave's, getting week.

Meanwhile, Redgrave was enjo widespread respect as "Dr. Richa B.A., B.Sc.," at his college for yo gentlemen at Blackpool.

Lomax, thus broken and dra down after an honourable career, sentenced to five years' imprisonm while Birkett received a sentence eighteen months.

Redgrave, who was responsible their downfall, remained at large months, until finally traced to Bl pool and sent to six years' penal s tude.

When he next became free, he l in luxury for a while by for bankers' drafts and cheques, which was always careful to obtain thro underlings.

Finally, in 1907 in circumstan which created quite a sensation, was sent to penal servitude again time for ten years.

Then, towards the close of the In an assumed name and with fe credentials, he obtained a post as se tary to a motor company in Great P land Street, London.

All seemed to be running smoo for a time, but suddenly the comp awoke to the fact that their qu efficient secretary was slowly steadily embezzling its funds. result was a further seven y "inside."

Meanwhile, however, various c plaints had reached the police reg ing bucket-shops which had been elsewhere through Redgrave's no nees.

In 1925, to add a spice of variet his many activities. Redgrave bega offer goods belonging to dece people, whose estates, he alleged, w in his hands.

This led to a further sentence of years, which was followed by a fur term for cheque frauds. Altoget his sentences aggregate more t twenty years.

He had only been free for six we when he launched his Carey St coup of £30,000.

Underling victims

Throughout his life he has explo underlings on a large scale. One of people whom he has dragged down this way is a Civil Servant, form employed by the Ministry of Pensi but now serving six months in second division.

We are glad, therefore, that we w able to direct attention to the Ca Street venture last year.

Redgrave, alias Braithwaite, a Richards, etc., etc., fully deserves heavy sentence that has been pas upon him.

Even if he gains all his remiss marks, society can rest secure fr him until 1941.

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3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.

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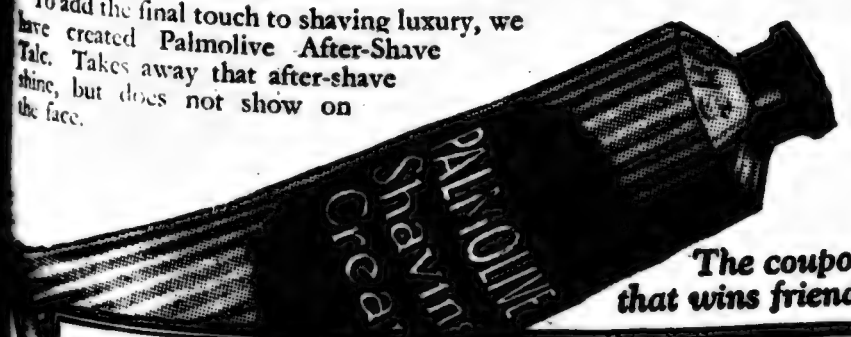

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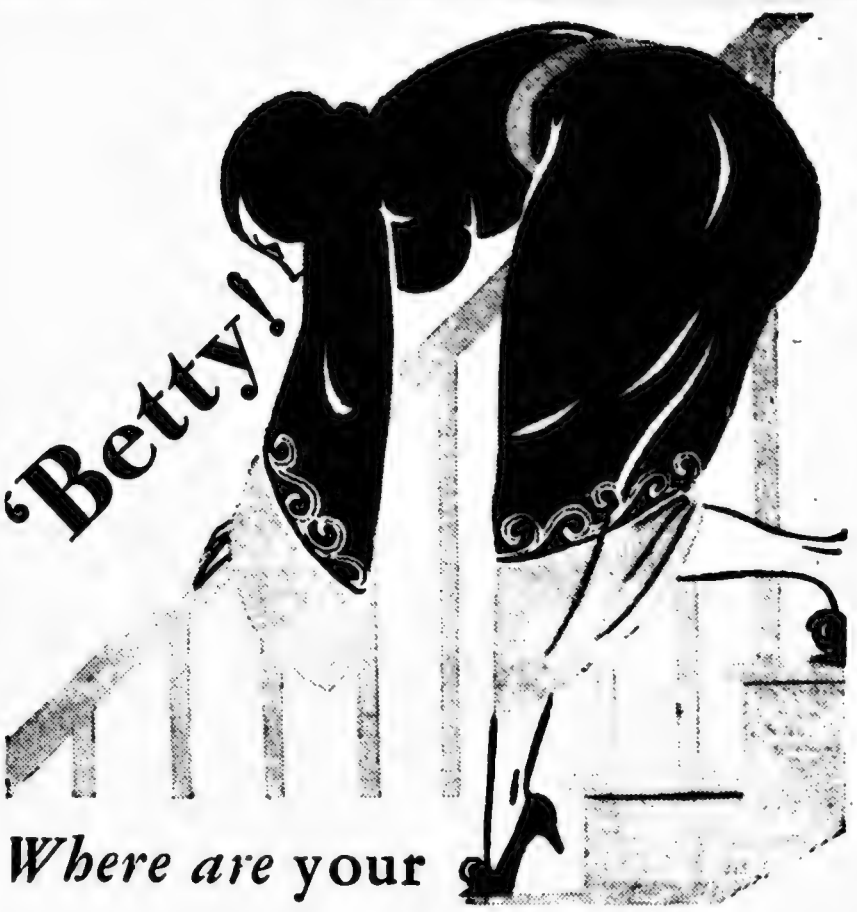

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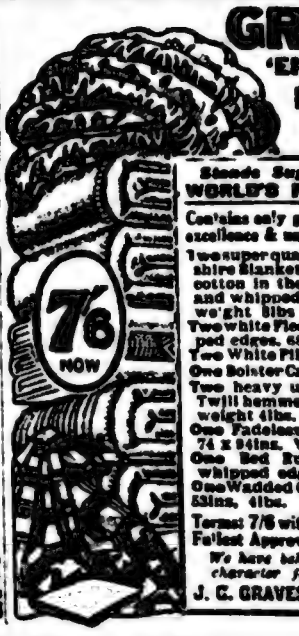

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END THE TORTURES OF JAGGED NERVES

Nerves! The horror of them! The way they make life unbearable for the sufferer and miserable for those around! And usually they go from bad to worse.

Yet actually there is a very simple way to cure nearly all nervous troubles, a way that doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for Wincarnis is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves. JB

VERY BAD SPECS

WHEN that simple-minded youth, Moses, the son of the Vicar of Wakefield, was despatched to the fair to sell the colt and buy a saddle-horse for two, he returned instead with a gross of green spectacles purchased from a pedlar for £3 5s. 2d.

That was 150 years ago. This ingenious Moses was also a prophet. Thousands of people are making useless purchases of spectacles.

In large multiple-stores, in popular market-places and from hawkers' barrows in the poorer neighbourhoods of London and provincial centres horn-rimmed glasses, spectacles and pince-nez may be purchased retail for sixpence a pair.

Those who feel that their sight is failing may test their eyes according to instructions, and depart with satisfaction—at least, momentarily—at having saved the expense of consulting a qualified ophthalmic optician.

But enquiry reveals an alarming state of affairs. Such glasses are generally harmful to the sight.

Dangerously cheap

Large numbers of seamstresses, dressmakers and the like, whose sight is sorely strained in their employment, are being supplied with so-called optical glasses after a self-made test.

A card is displayed upon which instructions for testing are printed in ten types of varying size.

"To select spectacles for the eye correctly," runs the instruction, "see how fine type you can read without spectacles, holding this card fourteen inches from the eye, and the figures in the margin will be about the focus required."

Offered for sale are twenty-four various kinds of glasses, with frames to suit all tastes.

On a stall in Farringdon Road, London, E.C., some 150 pairs of spectacles were seen on sale at prices from a shilling upwards.

In Portobello Road, in West London, a hawker appears regularly each Saturday evening with a stall, upon which he displays a number of cheap new and second-hand glasses, which he supplies at from half a crown a pair.

In the Caledonian Market, North London, second-hand spectacles may be seen on quite a number of stalls, and on occasion a hawker appears with a small table, covered with green baize, and a quantity of ready-made glasses, which he sells at sixpence or a shilling a pair.

In Brixton there are at least two large stores from which horn-rimmed glasses and pince-nez may be obtained at similar prices after a casual preliminary reading "test."

In Oxford Street, London, W., in the Strand, in Ilford Broadway, and in divers places, domestic servants, old-age pensioners, and unemployed men and women are being induced to believe that they can aid and correct their sight at the absurd prices named.

The ramp is nation-wide, and the consequences will be far-reaching indeed unless a check is placed upon it soon.

In the opinion of qualified opticians, the indiscriminate sale of spectacles along the lines mentioned is a definite danger to the public health.

It is a fact that in Great Britain alone of the more civilised countries is this practice permissible.

A short-sighted representative of JOHN BULL set out with the object of purchasing a number of pairs of glasses, following the conditions laid down on the test cards.

Among the spectacles he bought—and with which he is able to see m distinctly—were horn-rimmed gla steel-rimmed "specs," pince-nez gilt-framed lenses.

For some of them he paid sixpe others a shilling; one pair 3s 9d. yet another, a second-hand pair, bought for 4s. 6d.

Afterwards our representative s mitted himself and the glasses t consulting ophthalmic optician attends a leading eye-hospital.

Positive danger

After a proper test under a caref regulated light, it was found that representative is both short-sigh and astigmatic. The optician te one eye at a time.

It was found that, as in most ca his eyes are of unequal power.

The cheap spectacles he had bou in sixpenny stores and market-pl are, without exception, suited only the eyes of a man or woman over age of forty-five—and he is only thi

The lenses are made of poor qua glass, and are fitted into the fra without regard to concentration addition to which they show signs flaws and scratches, which would time have ill-effect upon the eyes any who wore them.

An added danger in selecting gla in this haphazard manner is the that there can be no assurance t the eyes are in a healthy condit A qualified optician looks for the sence of disease before he prescribe

A wicked factory

Instead of proving beneficial, s cheap spectacles must eventually found to be definitely harmful to user's eyes.

As to second-hand glasses sold hawkers' barrows and in markets throughout the country, it should known that such are only of use the persons for whom they were ori ally prescribed. They are harmful all others.

Somewhere there is a cheap-sp tacle factory. It must be either clo down or enforced to comply with rules of the trade.

There should be no surplus prod and the sale of glasses obtained w out expert advice should be prohibi

Poor persons in need of glasses obtain them under the rules of National Health Insurance Act if are contributors.

BIG CAT *for the* RATS

NATIONAL Rat Week is here, and Public Health departments, docks, railway yards, riverside warehouses and factories will combine in an intensive warfare throughout the country.

Rats represent a menace to health and wealth that is hardly realised by the general public.

* * *

It is estimated that London alone harbours 7,500,000 rats, which are responsible for an annual loss of £11,000,000 in foodstuffs, quite apart from damage caused to property or the expense of exterminating these pests.

When we say that there are probably 45,000,000 rats in the British Isles, most people will be inclined to agree that every week should be regarded as a rat week.

Illuminating figures are forthcoming from the College of Pestologists. A series of experiments conducted by that body show that the average rat consumes 30s. worth of food in a year.

Professor Petit, of the Academy of Medicine, has stated that rats cost the world £2,000,000,000 a year.

France is a sufferer to the extent of £40,000,000, Paris alone being the home of 10,000,000.

It is estimated that these disease and destruction carrying rodents will, if allowed to breed unchecked, multiply a thousand-fold in sixteen months!

There are two types of rat in Great Britain, the black rat and the brown; the black is more usually the carrier of plague.

The extensive use of concrete in building construction has a good effect in keeping rats down in some areas; but it has also resulted in the increase of a hardier breed, which climbs to top floors and roofs if food is to be found there.

* * *

While the problem of combating the menace is formidable enough, modern pestologists have at their command many efficacious devices with which to wage their warfare.

Apart from a variety of rat limes, powders, fumigants, virus, varnishes and poisonous baits, several types of "gassing machines," producing sulphurous gas of high strength, are now available.

"MY JOB IS REAL HARD WORK. It makes constant demands on my energy. That's why I drink Horlick's Malted Milk at bedtime. I can rely on it to give me sound sleep."
MR. PHIL JONES, 73, *Honley Road*, S.E.6

Still tired after a long night ...lacking in energy?

—then your sleep is not deep and restful!

THOUSANDS of men and women all over the country have learned this simple way to ensure sound sleep — by drinking Horlick's last thing every night.

Its consoling warmth, its rich nutriment, made easily digestible by the special Horlick process of manufacture — soothe the whole system, help tense nerves to relax, and make one ready for sound sleep.

If you are tired, or your energy flags early in the day, if you are not getting all the rest you need — start taking Horlick's. You will enjoy its creamy flavour — due to the rich cow's milk, the choice wheat and malted barley from which it is made. And you will find it makes you sleep like a top — so that you wake feeling fit, vigorous, ready for the day's activities.

Chemists and grocers have Horlick's, in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the Horlick's Mixer. Ask, too, for the Malted Milk Tablets.

HORLICK'S · *Plain or Chocolate Flavoured*

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"LAST winter I was run down, slept badly. This winter I have taken Horlick's at bedtime. It assures me a good night's sleep and when I waken I am refreshed and ready to tackle the difficulties of the day."
Miss D. W., *Chelsea*, S.W.3

CUT THIS OUT and TRY IT!

AN ELIZABETH CRAIG RECIPE

FARMHOUSE CAKE

1 cupful soft butter.
3 oz. minced mixed peel, slightly chopped. ½ lb. picked sultanas.
½ lb. cleaned currants.
3½ cupfuls flour. 4 eggs.
5 level teaspoonfuls

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg.
2½ cupfuls brown sugar.
1 oz. glacé cherries.
1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon.
1 cupful milk.

Sift flour with baking powder, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Rub butter lightly in. Stir in beaten eggs very lightly, then add sugar and fruit. Add a very little milk—just enough to make mixture wet enough to fall into cake tin lined with two folds of buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. Ice, if liked, when cold.

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Your boy can make it himself. Take a 1 lb. jar of Robertson's Mincemeat, mix with three ounces of self-raising flour, place in a basin, steam or boil for 3 hours. This will make a delicious and nourishing pudding. Just the thing for growing boys and girls. Remember—*it must be* ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT ("Golden Shred" Brand) This contains the exact proportion of each ingredient to make a successful pudding.

Robertson's Mincemeat

GOLDEN SHRED BRAND

M.1.

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HCT

When It Pays to be Foreign

HOW long is the British public going to fall for the absurd fetish of foreign names in the entertainment world?

In at least one branch of the amusement profession in this country *the vast majority* of artists are English, with assumed Continental labels.

This is what a leading conductor, British and with a British name, thinks of the situation.

"Of late years the adoption of foreign names by English artists has become a scandal," he says.

"An enormous number of real foreign artists is pouring in every year. Recently over 1,200 of them were admitted to this country in twelve months, and all the time British newcomers to the entertainment world were adding to the foreign vogue by changing their own names.

"You cannot stop it. The thing has been practised from the year dot; but I believe it first came into prominence when the Hungarian bands were all the rage many years ago.

Bamboozled

"These people came over in picturesque uniforms and undercut the British performers. The public flocked to see them and the managers and agents jumped at them.

"A certain ex-Lifeguardsman of strikingly foreign appearance, named William Piercy, saw his opportunity. He became Herr Wilhelm Piercey and led his "Hungarians" to success and a measure of fortune in no time.

"Other artists were not slow to take advantage of the general credulity, and now the public are being bamboozled wholesale, at their own request. For they insist on something that is unusual—not quite of themselves. So they (apparently) get it.

"The practice applies to every branch of the entertainment world except the legitimate and musical comedy stage, in which you will find hundreds of assumed names, but few assumed foreign ones."

The world of classical dancing is chockfull of pseudo-foreigners, and you can almost delete the English names altogether.

Anton Dolin, as everyone now knows, is an Irishman. Not everyone, however, knows how he suddenly became a Russian, if only in name.

The late Serge Diaghileff could see that he had a winner in this lithe young man from the Emerald Isle. But who would ever pay to see a classical dancer named Patrick Healey Kaye?

Let us tick off a few noted "Russian" women dancers, and we shall soon see that an Englishwoman, as such, stands little chance.

A *ballet boost*

Sokolova's Christian name is the good old English one of Hilda, while Markova rejoices in the still more homely one of Alice.

Vera Savina is actually Vera Clarke, while Ninette de Valois' real name, Edris Stannus, though sufficiently unusual, was evidently not striking enough for the ballet.

Pavlova is, of course, a Russian, but many of her company are Englishwomen with Russian names. Hilda Butsova, for instance, is Hilda Boot.

Few experts would deny that Phyllis Bedells is the greatest English dancer. For nine continuous years she was before the public at the Empire, Leicester Square, London, and thus dug herself in despite her English name.

She has strong views on the subject of foreign names herself, and has always declined to entertain even the idea of changing her own.

On one occasion she was offered treble her usual salary if she would do so.

Sokolova—just as graceful under her good old English name of Hilda

And suppose she had? In the opinion of those who know, she would have had an international reputation like Genée, and would be the admiration of a far larger public than she claims at present even in this country.

The music world is teeming with foreign aliases.

If Ada Jones wants to make her *début* at a concert-hall in the Oxford Street, London, district, she is almost in duty bound to become Aïda Joneski.

Dogged—these

We can claim truly British conductors like Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Henry Wood, and Dr. Malcolm Sargent who would deride the very notion of becoming foreigners.

But Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is an Englishman named Stokes, and probably enjoys a larger income from gramophone records and more important musical work than any of the good old English names.

Isidore de Lara has a name not nearly so romantic as his assumed one, while Albert Kételby adds to his laurels as Anton Vodorinski.

In the opinion of many musicians, John Dunn, the violinist, might have attained the reputation of a Kreisler if he had changed his name many years ago.

In grand opera the custom is not nearly so prevalent, though [illegible] English artists, such as Cu[illegible] Reaveley and Edward Johnson [illegible] assumed foreign names for p[illegible] ing in foreign countries.

Picaver, the great tenor of [illegible] Viennese Opera, was born in Li[illegible] shire.

John McCormack has succeed[illegible] getting through on his own name; would not such artists as W[illegible] Widdop and Heddle Nash [illegible] achieved far more sensational re[illegible] with picturesque names?

The music-hall public, what is [illegible] of them, expect trapeze artists, ju[illegible] and acrobats to be foreigners. Co[illegible] quently, they either get the [illegible] article or English labelled foreign.

Illusionists nearly all seem to [illegible] their peculiar labels. French, Egy[illegible] German, Chinese or just fancy [illegible] Yet most of them speak remarka[illegible] good English at the side of the s[illegible]

Films, too

Some British film-artists are [illegible] adopting French names in the hop[illegible] ultimate recognition.

But what is the result to the w[illegible]

British prestige in the art w[illegible] drops down a step further.

The brother and sister artists [illegible] those who "go foreign" are left [illegible] and dry to fight the "alien" w[illegible] with depleted ranks.

Unnecessary numbers of for[illegible] artists are imported t[illegible]us cou[illegible] in all branches of the entertainm[illegible] world.

American bands, certainly with [illegible] better performers than our [illegible] earned fabulous sums for private [illegible] public performances in London. W[illegible] our own musicians were making fra[illegible] efforts to recover from the invasio[illegible] talkies.

British opera is at a discount. W[illegible] all London is flocking to the Ger[illegible] and Italian variety, sung by Germ[illegible] and Italians for the most part.

The Variety Artists' Federation [illegible] other trade unions have done a[illegible] towards stemming the foreign inva[illegible]

But there seems to be no organ[illegible] tion for Anglicising our own en[illegible] tainment world.

Is it not time that one was form[illegible]

I'M THE XMAS BIRD YOU WANT!

I'm a JOHN BULL Surrey Fowl, and I'm getting plumper every day—it's only a few weeks to Christmas, you see.

Shoot a good *Bullet* this week and bring me down for your dinner on Christmas Day. Remember there are 499 like myself awaiting good shots on page 39. Enter now and let me make your Christmas merry!

"My hands *needed* this protection"

"Although I am busy all day in the house and garden, I find I can keep my hands beautifully smooth and white by putting 'Vaseline' Jelly on them each night before retiring, and after washing, too. Hands need this protection; it's so simple and yet it enables one to be proud of one's hands!"

MISS YVONNE MOSS
London, S.W.2

THERE are endless things to do in a busy household. Many of them mean constant immersion of the hands in water. Unless care is taken, this often makes them rough.

Like other women who value the appearance of their hands, avoid painful chapping by rubbing on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at night, or after washing! For "Vaseline" Jelly supplements the natural protecting oils of the skin—prevents the drying effect of constant washing.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is obtainable at chemists' and stores in jars and tins. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., London.

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WHILE PARENTS MAY USUALLY BE TRUSTED TO BUY A HOUSE—

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Nervous disorders are due to starved nerves, and as the nerves are fed through the blood, it naturally follows that to feed the nerves you must build up the blood. To do this there is nothing to equal Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills not only enrich the blood, they actually create new rich blood, which feeds the nerves, and so banishes nervous disorders.

Women cannot always rest when they should, but every woman can maintain her strength by taking advantage of the health-help of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Start taking these pills now, and see how soon the improvement will show by increased energy, keen appetite, strong, steady nerves, and robust health.

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MISS WINIFRED SHOTTER.

—use **Odol**

Miss Winifred Shotter, the famous actress, writes:—

"It is imperative that any woman who lays the slightest claim to good looks should display beautiful teeth when she smiles, and these most may possess who will take the necessary trouble. "Do not forget, before cleaning your teeth, to squeeze a little Odol Tooth Paste on to the brush and to mix a few drops of Odol Mouth Wash into your glass of water, and you will be on the high road to having delightful pearly teeth."

TOOTH PASTE. A large tube costs only 1/-
MOUTH WASH. In Flasks, 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6

Odol Mouth Wash is specially recommended for artificial teeth. It will not discolour or crack *Aldwych* denture plates. T.F.60.30

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NATURE protect your dog *this winter*

DOGS should now be growing their strong winter coat—an undercoat if the dog is rough or long haired. But Nature cannot function in a dog which is only half well. The dog must be conditioned thoroughly—the blood must be cleansed of all the impurities which collect and develop during the summer, when dogs overheat frequently.

You should do NOW what all experienced Breeders and Farmers do. Condition your dog thoroughly with Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders, which remove all impurities from the dog's blood and tone up the whole system. He will then be fully protected against hard cold and sudden chills. Rain and wind won't harm him in the least, and during all the winter months he will not cause you a moment's trouble or anxiety.

6d. per packet of 9 powders, 1/- per box of 18. From all Dog Biscuit Shops, Chemists and Stores.

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TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS
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THE STING of LUMBER-CAMP LOVE

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

HUMAN DOCUMEN

WHEN the coal trouble first began in the Rhondda Valley, I was employed as a mining engineer and making good money.

The big strike ended everything, even my job, and as things went from bad to worse, I decided to emigrate before my finances became desperate.

With a group of others, I went to Canada, intending to send for my wife and three children as soon as I got settled.

I tramped for months before I got within sight or sound of work. Then I got a job, with another Welshman, in a lumber-camp north of Quebec.

I know that from this moment I ought to have thought of nothing but raising the fare to send for my family.

Instead, I met a distraction that gradually sent the thought of wife and children out of my head.

The camp cooking was done for us by a widow woman, helped by her daughter. This girl was as pretty a bit of femininity as I had ever met.

Half the men in the camp were in love with her, while the foreman, a single chap, was crazy for love of her. Yet the girl made it quite clear that I was her favourite.

This so angered the foreman that one day, picking a quarrel, he went for me with an axe. I managed to wrench it out of his hand, but not before he had broken my left leg.

The accident seemed to sober the lot of us, and I had no further trouble with the foreman, though the girl and her mother nursed me devotedly until I was again able to walk.

During this time, having leisure to think, I decided to return home. Here I am again in work, and though not doing as well as formerly, I have been both comfortable and happy with my family for some years.

Now my old acquaintance out in the lumber camp, the Welshman, is home on a visit to his parents. He has foisted himself on me for all sorts of hospitality and demands money.

He knows all about my intrigue with the girl in the lumber-camp, and says there is a child, a few years old, who owes its paternity to me.

As yet my wife knows nothing of this. How can I keep it from her, or must I have my home peace wrecked?

"HUMANIST" says: Married men who cannot remain faithful to their wives in absence, or see a pretty face without following the lure, must expect trouble.

Confession is the best way out of your difficulty.

BABY-HATER'S
poison threat

FOUR years ago I was engaged to be married to a man thirty years older than myself. When he learned that a baby was expected his rage knew no bounds, as he declared he hated children.

He even went so far as to hit me unmercifully and tormented me in other ways in the hope that baby would be born dead.

I bore with him, hoping that the sight of the infant would change him, and my spirits rose when the little one was born beautifully straight and healthy.

As soon as I could, I wrote to the father of my child, and he came to see me. Foolishly I left him to go in alone to look at his offspring.

It was a bitter cold, frosty night, and when I crept in, hoping to see the dawn of affection, to my horror I found he had uncovered the mite, saying it would be a blessing if it could catch its death of cold.

He said he could easily manage to drown it or would send me some poison to administer, and would rather serve time for murder than have the thing on his hands for years.

We had a row and he flung me out, since which I have only seen him twice in two years. I took my case to court and had no difficulty in securing an order for 10s. weekly.

I never managed to collect it, but when he told me he could pay 5s. weekly I agreed to accept it. Now I find I cannot make ends meet, and wonder if I ought to go and see him about it.

"HUMANIST" says: You will be wise to keep well out of the way of such a savage. But you can, and should, apply for a summons to ensure the original order being enforced.

"DREAM CHILDREN"
must brighten mother's evening

AN old woman of seventy-three, I have been a widow for twenty-six years. When my husband died I was left penniless with seven little children. I felt as though I would face death rather than part with one of them

So I set to work, toiling early and late to feed them, sitting up until the small hours to make their clothes last with patches and darning, and even cobbling their shoes.

Then, one by one, they found their wings and left the home nest. The girls married and the boys got on in the world, each and all becoming engrossed in their own families and wrapped up in their own affairs.

They are not actively unkind, but have fallen into the habit of neglecting me, because, I suppose, they know "mother is always there."

I am left alone, sitting in the shadows to dream, while their visits grow fewer and far between, yet I long passionately for their presence and the sound of young voices.

"HUMANIST" say[illegible] to get about, tak[illegible] visiting your childr[illegible] with babies.

Children always l[illegible] and if you go the [illegible] your grandchildre[illegible] your happiness.

ROBBING PETER
to pay Paul

ELEVEN years ag[illegible] head book-ke[illegible] ness firm in th[illegible] an unexpected l[illegible] grateful surprise I threw myself [illegible] my job with keen willingness to even more than I was asked.

This, I now know, w[illegible] soon I had piled on [illegible] other departments.

I was rushed, and to make acco[illegible] balance I added or subtracted sm[illegible] amounts, intending to straighten later.

I know I ought not to have d[illegible] this, but put off the checking pro[illegible] until a later date.

Now it is too late. With the s[illegible] suddenness that I was appointed, whole office was reorganised, an[illegible] am no longer overworked.

I have gone more carefully [illegible] things and find I have booked up paid nearly £100 in small items, outstanding.

If I worry these customers now, will enter into correspondence wh[illegible] will bring the whole matter to l[illegible] I cannot make up the deficiency, if I confess I shall be dismissed

"HUMANIST" says:—A book-k[illegible] who cannot keep books properly best at some other job.

You cannot hide your mistakes long, so confess them now, and t[illegible] your employer to give you an oppo[illegible] in a less responsible corner.

SCORE *with Our Expert*
Football Forecasts for November 1

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) Middlesbrough v. Portsmouth.
(2) ASTON VILLA v. Blackburn.
(3) Bolton v. DERBY.
(4) CHELSEA v. Blackpool.
(5) Grimsby v. LEICESTER.
(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Arsenal.
(7) LIVERPOOL v. Manchester C.
(8) Manchester U. v. BIRMINGHAM.
(9) NEWCASTLE v. Leeds.
(10) WEDNESDAY v. Sunderland.
(11) WEST HAM v. Sheffield United.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) Notts Forest v. Bradford C.
(2) BRADFORD v. Plymouth.
**(3) BURNLEY v. Bristol City.
(4) Millwall v. W.B. ALBION.
(5) OLDHAM v. Port Vale.
**(6) PRESTON v. Barnsley.
(7) Reading v. EVERTON.
(8) SOUTHAMPTON v. Cardiff.
(9) STOKE v. Swansea.
(10) HOTSPUR v. Charlton.
(11) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Bury.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).
(1) Exeter v. NOTTS COUNTY.
*(2) BRENTFORD v. Q.P. Rangers.
(3) BRIGHTON v. Orient.
(4) Bristol Rovers v. Swindon.
**(5) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Walsall.
(6) GILLINGHAM v. Watford.
(7) LUTON v. Fulham.
(8) Newport v. Bozcombe.
**(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Norwich.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Coventry.
**(11) TORQUAY v. Thames.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).
(1) CARLISLE v. Darlington.
(2) ACCRINGTON v. Hull.
(3) Barrow v. GATESHEAD.
(4) Chesterfield v. Stockport.
*(5) CREWE v. Hartlepools.
(6) Rochdale v. LINCOLN.
*(7) ROTHERHAM v. New Brighton.
(8) SOUTHPORT v. Doncaster.
**(9) TRANMERE v. Nelson.
(10) WREXHAM v. Wigan.
(11) YORK v. Halifax.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) DUNDEE v. Motherwell.
(2) AIRDRIE v. Ayr Unit[illegible]
(3) CELTIC v. Partick.
(4) East Fife v. Clyde.
(5) HEARTS v. Cowdenbe[illegible]
(6) KILMARNOCK v. Ham[illegible]
(7) Leith v. ST. MIRREN
(8) MORTON v. Falkirk
(9) QUEEN'S PARK v. H[illegible]
*(10) RANGERS v. Aberdeen

WINNERS IN CODE

Another "winner": Hill, Newcastle's centre-half

Example Code:—Div. II H[illegible] Southern Section—5 H[illegible] Northern Section—3 A[illegible] This w[illegible] indicate Burnley, Preston, Crystal Pal[illegible] Northampton, Torquay, Gateshead Tranmere.

In our issue of October 4 we published portrait of the well-known footballer Jim[illegible] Reed, and it has been pointed out to us by our ception it might appear that the f[illegible] casts were made by him.

We wish to make it quite clear that was not the case, the forecasts being o[illegible] ously by a professional sporting journalis[illegible]

We tender to Jimmy our apologies for annoyance the publication of his portrait such a way may have caused him.

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MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK FOR YOU

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Rheumatism

STOP PAIN—USE SLOAN'S

Whether the pain be in muscle or in joint Sloan's will stop it—and stop it quickly. Millions now know that! It gives immediate comfort and relief, even in long-standing cases. You don't rub it in—it penetrates instantly, warming, soothing the aching tissues and muscles. *And soon the pain dies right away.* Try it. See for yourself how quickly Sloan's stops the pain.

Use Sloan's for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains, Bruises, and for all Muscular Aches and Pains.

"I had almost given up the attempt to cure Rheumatism. But after using Sloan's I began to feel an improvement, and in less than a month was free from the racking pains of Rheumatism."

—Mr. W. White, 128, Cherrywood Road, Bordesley Green.

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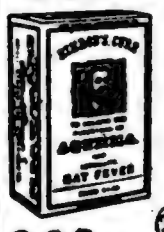

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Read convincing proof below—then write for FREE SAMPLE of ELASTO and FREE BOOKLET

"Free Sample Gave Relief."

"Elasto has completely healed my legs. At one time one of my legs had thirteen ulcers on it and I had tried all sorts of treatment without result. Seeing your advertisement I sent for a free sample and soon found relief. Before using Elasto my legs were terrible, but I am thankful to say that I can now go about my duties again as usual. You can make what use of this letter you think proper for the benefit of other sufferers."

(Signed) Mrs. R. DARLOW,
Chain Bridge,
March, Cambs.

"Instant Relief and Complete Cure."

"I need hardly say how very grateful I am for the interest you have taken in my case and for the instant relief and permanent cure which I have received from your Elasto when all else had failed. I am recommending Elasto to my friends and I only hope they will make it known to other sufferers. You may make what use you wish of this letter, as Elasto not only cures one's ailments but greatly improves one's general health. Since taking Elasto I feel a different woman."

(Signed) Mrs. J. DAVIES,
Devona,
Penllergaer, Swansea.

"Elasto Made Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world, and I hope every sufferer will get in touch with you because I feel that everyone should know that Elasto will cure.

"I had tried doctors, the local hospital, a skin hospital and skin specialists, but nothing did me any good until I found Elasto.

"I am very grateful to you for the interest you have taken in my case."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, Britton Grove,
Chiswick, W.4.

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Elasto is a wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

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CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

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removed by Radox

"About four years ago I was quite a cripple on my feet, with wretched corns. I had callouses under my feet like bags of red jelly. I tried everything that was advertised but got no relief. My feet were so bad I had to walk about in cotton wool. Then I saw Radox Bath Salts advertised in my daily paper. I had tempted me to try it. Radox took the corns and callouses away. I have no use for cotton wool for my feet now, Radox does the trick. I am at the present time walking three or four miles a day. I not only feel young, but look young."

(Mrs.) M. A. W., Ashford, Kent.

16th October, 1930.

When you put your feet into a Radox foot-bath a chemical action begins, and as soon as it begins the corns and callouses start to go. They commence to combine with the Radox Bath Salts and form a protein salt of the hard skin itself. Now, a protein salt dissolves in water like ordinary salt. So it is only natural that with this scientific treatment, callouses should be so softened that they can be peeled off painlessly. And after a few footbaths the most obstinate corn commences to dissolve at the roots, the hard tissues that surround the corn relax; the corn cavity expands. You see the corn projecting. Then it is the matter of a moment to lift it out bodily, root and all without a twinge.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet*

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BATH SALTS

Give your Feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

At all Chemists, 1/6 per ½ lb., 2/6 double quantity, in the Pink Packet.

If you want to bet on

RACING

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Take our advice and bet with

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They are as

"SAFE AS THE BANK"

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Our Letter Parliament

ME—by Myself!

OUR READERS IN THEIR OWN LOOKING-GLASSES

A COMPLETE enigma, consisting of two distinct personages. The one is the embodiment of all that is evil—greed, selfishness, cruelty and hate; the other is whispering softly of goodness, of a pure reverence for all things beautiful, and a longing to be at peace with one's Maker.

Too often the latter self is conquered by the former; then comes the whispering voice, condemning, despising, mocking, until my soul cries out in a torment of self-pity and remorse, and once again I resolve to fight and chain this devil for ever.—*A. H. P., Redfield.*

Less than the Dust

I am a fine fellow! And so I should be!

The poet and philosopher tell me that the complex evolutionary process, with its ruthless sifting of the weak, has been the forerunner of my existence; that the hopes and aspirations of my race have culminated in me, and that I and my like belong to the wonders of Nature.

And yet experience tells me I am less than the dust, an animate Nothing groping blindly for a Greater Nothing—with my unemployment card in my hand, and a hungry look in my eyes.—*F. H., Berks.*

Masked

With a reputation for good temper amongst my neighbours, I do not deserve it. To tell the truth, I am a coward.

I so dread "scenes" that I try to give the soft answer on all occasions and to smooth over every difficulty rather than boldly face it.

I am easy to live with, partly because I am not energetic enough for combat.

Thus my apparently good qualities are only a disguise for inertia and cowardice, and when I am most generously praised, I am most ashamed.—*Veneer, Northwood.*

Misses

I must be the "Missing Link." Opportunities come along, but I invariably miss them.

If I aim high, I never reach the target; if low, I usually overshoot the mark.

There are "early worms," but I only find their "casts."

I miss trains and appointments galore; but my failing has its compensations, for if there is an influenza epidemic I manage to miss that, too.

There's one thing I shall not miss—my funeral.—*Still a "Miss," Lambeth.*

With a Caution

I often stand in the witness-box as the defendant, the judge being myself and also the prosecuting counsel.

But each time I seem to put up a good defence for the defendant, with the result that the case is dismissed, and I am warned by the judge not to appear again on the same kind of charge.—*W. Griffiths, Glam.*

Poor—Rich

When I see my four boys going to school wearing clothes which I have made, I think how clever I am.

When I try to answer their many questions, I think how stupid I am.

When I can comfort them, I think how capable I am; but when they are seriously ill, I think how helpless I am.

When hubby has no work, I think how poor I am; but when I see little, innocent faces on the pillows, and think of four souls to train up in good works, I think how rich I am.—*E. M. R., Newton.*

"What's Yours?"

I deserted my home and parents as soon as I thought I could take care of myself; therefore I am an ungrateful, selfish and callous cad.

I am always nice to people I scarcely know, but often rude to those nearest and dearest to me; therefore I am an insidious hypocrite.

In order to acquit myself manfully before my friends, I stand drinks and tip beyond my means, and now, fearing their comments, in the possible event of this being printed, I shall conceal my identity under the appropriate name of —*Coward, Southall.*

Taken Down

Successful at the village school, generally at the head of my class, and looked upon as a very promising lad, I began to think I was something above the average.

I then went out to a bigger school, the world. Here I found other competitors, but I still thought I was ...

I have now passed the Psalmist's allotted span, and my opinion of myself has gone down considerably.

I am still learning, and I find I am a very ordinary individual, average in all the features that make "it."—*E. T. L., Grimsby.*

Nag and Pine

The most selfish, irritable, discontented woman on earth. I am not content with a hard-working husband and a healthy young son.

I nag from morning till night, making my husband's and child's lives a misery.

I am ever pining for the unattainable, but some day I may come to my senses—perhaps too late to make my loved ones happy—for I really do love them in my own selfish way. — *Discontented, Anglesey.*

Put Off

At times I think I'm the biggest fool in Christendom. I've ability and brains above the average, and not as much application and push as would be called a threepenny-bit.

I'm always going to do something, but the days drift by and the great deed never materialises.

During the war I achieved more than local fame, but I've outgrown the swelled-headedness from which I suffered then, and now there's no driving force behind me.—*Mañana, Leeds.*

Easy Smiling

I think I am a hero. Everybody says so, the Press says so, JOHN BULL has said so, and I think so.

Who am I? Merely a nobody who smiles. Rain or sunshine, joy or sorrow, I smile, smile, smile. I have been smiling for so long that it's easy now, and I haven't a grumble in the world.—*Smiler, Prestwich.*

The Trades Union Political Levy For or Against

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post Tuesday, November 4.

Race with "Silver Ring"

P. Woodland trains Drin

Aintree's MIXED GRILL

I HAVE no desire to be the man whose daily job it is to dust Lord Derby's Liverpool Cups; there are too many of them. But, strange as it may seem, his lordship has not "collected" one of these prizes this season.

His last chance occurs in the Autumn Cup next week, and, although I prefer Argonaute II, I think the famous black-and-white colours, which will be carried by Sargasso, are sure to be concerned in the finish of the race.

The Grand Sefton Steeplechase, which is also on the bill of fare at Aintree's "mixed grill," is a sign that shortly the jolly old jumpers will rule the roost once again.

Shaun Goilin won the "Sefton" last year, and went on to capture the Grand National.

In bringing off the "double," he fostered the idea that next week's race is a fine trial for the blue riband of 'chasing. As a matter of fact, most "Sefton" winners fail in the "National."

They may win the big 'chase in a later season, and I believe that in Drin, who is engaged in next Thursday's race, we have a future Grand National winner.

Drin is trained by Percy Woodland at Wroughton, and is a baby so far as 'chasers go, but he jumps like a stag.

I make the six-year-old my selection for the "Sefton," and hope to put him up when he wins the "National" in 19——.

Alexandra Park, with its London Autumn Cup, is the centre of attraction this week. Moyresque and Yutrill, both winners of good races over the course, should fight out the issue.

I shall stand by Moyresque if the going is good, but Yutrill has my vote if it is very heavy.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 30, to Wednesday, November 5.

A S 3 O E J W G P X C Z R H L
9 I K 2 F M D V Y B Q 5 T N U

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

Q29IRFT would read COASTER.

"SILVER RING."

"I'm a ——!"

The more I think of myself, the ... I think of myself.—*Mary Johnston, N.*

I don't think I'm as nice as I ... people to think I am.—*L. H., Bright...*

My wife supplied the answer by say... "You're a fool."—*F. R., London, N.*

"I am merely a spoke in the wheel ... life—not the hub.—*F. W. S., Lond... S.E.*

I am what it is possible for everybody to be—truthful and honest.—*A. M... Wishaw.*

Just a worker-bee in the great ... hive, trying to gather enough honey to make my little world happy.—*W., Birmingham.*

I think nothing whatever of myself beyond the fact that I am just the person whom God intended me to be.—*A Bus Driver's Wife, Manchester.*

With a measure of modesty and humility, I believe I am not only of some use, but of some particular use.—*H. F., Whitchurch.*

Reading of women unable to manage on three pounds a week. I think I'm clever to make do on thirty bob.—*O., Wade, Suffolk.*

I'm a crack hand at mathematics, but as for hydrostatics I'll take some boiling. Yet, clever as I am, I cannot keep my cheque-book straight.—*D. E. C., Bridgend.*

I'm like a cocktail—a weird mixture. But I try to keep the cocktail mixed in such a manner that those who drink may taste what most appeals to them.—*A. L. L., York.*

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture.

SENT ON TRIAL.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our Illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when others fail. Remember, we use no springs, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

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(Please write plainly).....

Some can stand the loss of a diamond ring.....

Prevent this disaster which is liable to happen at any time by obtaining our FREE INSURANCE GIVEN WITH every ring we sell for £5 & upwards

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The illustrations above are a selection of the latest and most fashionable designs from our window display of 10,000 rings — They are mounted in 18 Ct. Gold and Platinum, or all Platinum, & are priced from £5 upwards according to the size of the diamonds

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£650

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 85.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £120 will be despatched:—

C. H. Baxter, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon.
Mrs. Cassford, 50, White Pit Lane, Newport, I.O.W.
C. Ford, 28, New Road, Linslade, Bucks.
S. Robertson, 5, High Street, Campbeltown, Argyll.
M. Wilson, 60, Marlowe Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Solutions containing one error each were received from 48 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 0s. 10d., and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Another £600 Crossword appears on Page 36. Try your skill now!

VAPEX INHALANT

will fight your cold as you sleep

Put a drop of "Vapex" on your pillow. While you sleep the healing vapour increases in strength. As you breathe, it reaches all the recesses where cold germs colonise. The "stuffiness" is quickly relieved. Your head clears. Congestion is broken up. Infection is stopped before it has time to become dangerous.

That is the secret—tackling the cold in time, with "Vapex." A single germ, neglected, may become many millions of germs by this time to-morrow.

Each morning put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief so that you can breathe the vapour during the day.

Of Chemists
2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Bardsley Vale, Lancs.

V.64

Amazing Offers by O'Brien of Coventry

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MY GRAMOPHONE CATALOGUE is packed with the largest selection of Gramophones and Records. LOWEST PRICES, or EASY TERMS. Seeing is Believing. Write for Lists to Dept. P34

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These small pictures represent splendid full size Gramophones, both Cabinets & Portables, which we are making in our Factory and supplying direct to the user. No such Quality and Value combined has ever been offered since the Gramophone was invented. Our Guarantee of complete satisfaction goes with every instrument, and we have more than 30 years character for honourable trading. Portable and Cabinet Models are the same price, and are fitted with the same quality of worm-drive motors, insuring smooth even running, & splendid reproduction. With each instrument we present Twelve Half-Crown Double-sided Records, making 24 Musical Selections comprising an evening's programme of songs and instrumental performances by front-rank artistes.

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12 HALF-CROWN RECORDS.

Price of the entire Outfit £3:10:0 Easy monthly payment terms without any extra charge. Send 5/- now, and 5/- Monthly.

You may think such an extraordinary offer of Quality and Value too good to be true, but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" and you can have either of the instruments (state which) on full approval in your own home. Catalogue of Gramophone Bargains Post Free.

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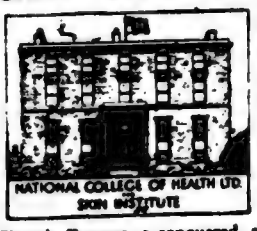
PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, SKIN BLOOD & DISEASES.



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Thousands of patients bless the day they used this famous Treatment – the most successful Treatment known for all forms of skin and blood diseases. Under this powerful Treatment Chronic Eczema is conquered, stubborn Psoriasis melts away, disfiguring face eruptions vanish; itching, inflamed, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. There is a reason. Behind the Treatment is 30 years' practical experience and the Treatment is prescribed and prepared separately for each patient to suit the case. With this powerful Treatment there is no Guesswork, no Experimenting, and no Relapse. No matter how you have suffered, no matter what you have tried, this grand Treatment is sure to bring about your recovery and may save you years of misery. Write to-day for a valuable publication with full particulars of this successful Treatment, which will be sent you free of charge. This publication is of the greatest interest to Sufferers and shows how to bring about your speedy recovery. Address your letter to **NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH and SKIN INSTITUTE (Ward S.G.), 202, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester,** and you will receive the valuable publication with full particulars by return of post.

GRAVES

FASHIONABLE WINTER STYLES

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes the newest ideas for the Wardrobe—Coats, Costumes, Dance Frocks, and Gowns for all occasions—made in the best style and offered at the keenest prices and on Easy Terms.

PATTERNS POST FREE

We issue a very complete range of PatterPax. In your own interest you should write now, stating style of garment you are interested in, and samples of the actual materials will be sent you by return, together with self-measurement Form, and all necessary information.

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AMAZING value in Furs, Sports Wear, Skirts, Jumpers, Underwear, & Hosiery; also Maids' and Children's Wear at Bargain Prices on Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and the balance in monthly payments if entirely satisfied.

We have behind us a 30 years character for honourable trading.

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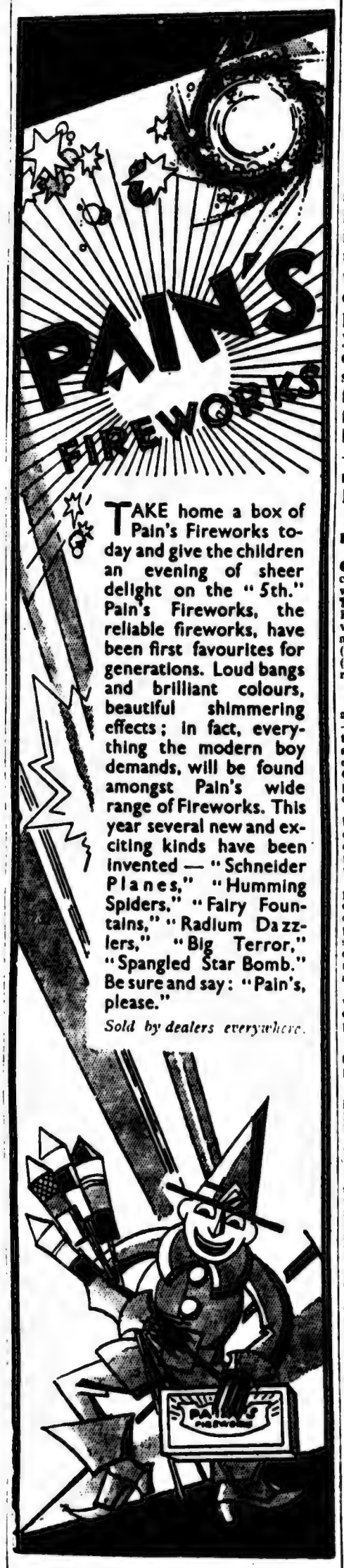


TAKE home a box of Pain's Fireworks today and give the children an evening of sheer delight on the "5th." Pain's Fireworks, the reliable fireworks, have been first favourites for generations. Loud bangs and brilliant colours, beautiful shimmering effects; in fact, everything the modern boy demands, will be found amongst Pain's wide range of Fireworks. This year several new and exciting kinds have been invented — "Schneider Planes," "Humming Spiders," "Fairy Fountains," "Radium Dazzlers," "Big Terror," "Spangled Star Bomb." Be sure and say: "Pain's, please."

Sold by dealers everywhere.

Use your head in JOHN BULL'S £600 must-be-won X-WORD

HERE is a pastime of skill that will give your brains full play. £600 cash prize is a goal worth aiming at—and there is £50 for runners up. Just imagine what you could do with the big prize if it came your way. Don't delay a moment—start now and fill in those fascinating little squares — you may net the big First.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 88 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the £600 will be awarded to the reader whose effort is the nearest correct solution.

An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one penny double entry effort. Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon) November 6th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 13th. Winners will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 20th. Result of Crossword No. 85 appears on page

AN EXTRA £50 FOR RUNNERS-UP.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in **BLOCK CAPITALS.** Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp and post to "**John Bull**" **Crosswords (No. 88), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),** so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **November 6th.**

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, November 20th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, November 25th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), November 6th.

CUT HERE

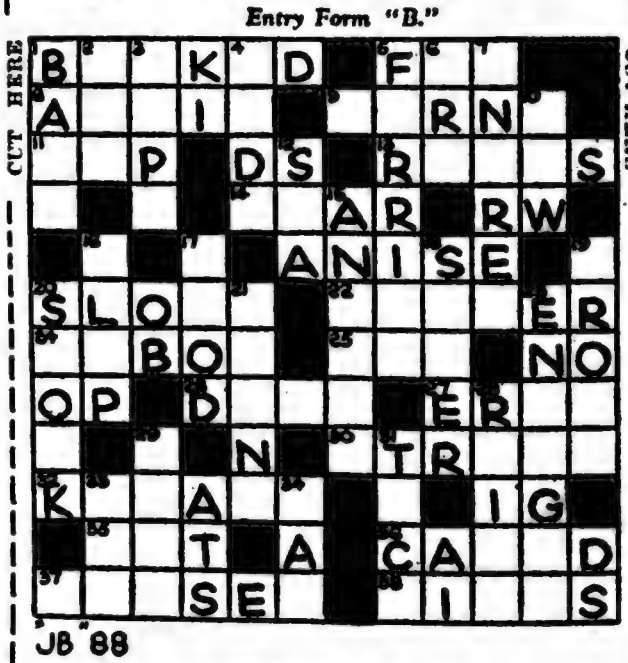
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 88

Entry Form "A."

JB 88

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB 88

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), November 6th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut out the above Form complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

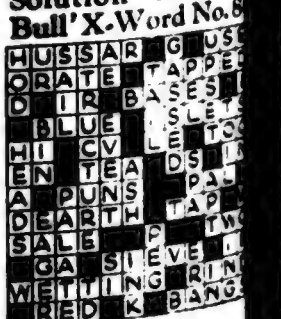
1. MOVED BACKWARDS
5. PAYMENT FOR SERVICE
8. ONCE MORE
9. ANGLERS LOVE THEM.
11. CUT OFF.
13. PAYMENTS TO LOCAL AUTHORITY.
14. BOXERS DO THIS
20. LIGHT SEA GOING VESSEL
22. THIN COVERING.
24. PROHIBITED.
25. WRATH.
26. CONCERNS TWO
27. THEREFORE
30. CARS DO, ALONG THE ROAD
32. BAKER DOES THIS TO BREAD
33. CONSUME.
36. MONKEYS ARE, AT THE ZOO
37. IS MADE OF WOOL
38. SORTS.

Clues Down.

1. SEEN ON BILLIARDS TABLE
2. INDICATES TIME PAST
3. APPAREL.
4. TERMINALS
5. MAKES LIVELIHOOD FROM ANIMALS.
6. AN AGE.
7. DISH SERVED AT DINNER
10. STITCH.
12. HEALTH RESORT
15. USED BY BLACKSMITHS
16. BEAT.
17. CAMPERS NEED
18. THIS SHOWS CONTEMPT
19. SEEN IN THE COUNTRY
20. FOUND ON A FARM
21. TWENTY SHILLINGS
23. MOST GIRLS WANT TO BE
28. WHAT KINGS DO.
29. A MOTHER'S CARE
31. YOU MAY GET IT AT A GOOD SHOP.
33. INDICATES MAIDEN NAME
34. MAKE A REMARK.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 86



JB 86

Result will be published next week. The solution of John Bull X-word No. 86 is given here with as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors who wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN

Stylish OVERCOATS in all the most attractive and reliable Cloths, at 42/- 50/- and 63/- Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for Good Tailoring. Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Complete range of Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY—£600 MUST BE W

Write to "John Bull" About It!

THE *EDITOR* REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. Every subject is dealt with—from matters relating to baby's welfare to the care of four-footed pets. Our dog expert is particularly busy these days—there's a bigger interest in dogs than ever before—and he undertakes to guide dog-owners in every matter concerning the animal.

F. D. (Godstone).—"What becomes of worn-out musical instruments?" Somebody plays them under our office window.

E. M. (Merstham).—"What is diplomacy?" Forgetting a woman's age, but remembering her birthday.

FARMER (Belmont).—"A donkey will do anything for carrots." And a woman for carats.

G. F. (Hackney).—"I have come back quite sunburnt from my seaside holiday." Your money burnt, too, we guess.

SERIOUS (Eltham).—"Can you define 'nothing'?" Yes, it's what the Scot leaves under his plate.

EXPLORER (Pall Mall).—"When the natives of Swaziland first heard the wireless they ran away." We have heard programmes like that.

CHEMIST (York).—"I can sell only £20 worth of castor oil in a year." Still, to small boys this must seem a wickedly large sum of money.

T. P. (Ely).—"I caught a roach which measured 3 ft. in length." You must have been fishing in a stretch of water.

P. F. (Clacton).—"May I come and see you? — please don't say, No." We shook our head just to oblige you.

T. D. (Carlisle).—"My wife tossed to decide whether or not she would marry me." And you lost.

D. S. (Liverpool).—"I like to ventilate my politics." Because there is too much hot air about them?

C. E. (Langford).—"My parents were just plain folk." Judging by your photo, you take after them.

W. F. (Cambridge).—"I write a poem a day." Ah! that will keep your friends away.

R. C. (Bodmin).—"Our church bells keep me awake." But surely they do not ring during the sermon?

MRS. Z. (Fotheringay).—"Babies need more sleep than grown-ups." The thing is to persuade them to take it.

S. N. (Leamington).—"I took another woman to the talkies; but my wife was not the least suspicious." That's suspicious.

B. B. T. (Golders Green).—"I can go to sleep standing up." We didn't know before that there was a Government office without chairs.

FUMING (Tooting).—"What would you do if a young hooligan plucked your hat from off your head?" Go for him bald-headed.

H. B. (Lee).—"Why is it that the villain of melodrama always mutters 'Bah!' darkly?" Because he's the black sheep.

JOHNNY (Cork).—"I never wear a hat." Then what is it you talk through?

BOARDER (Bankside).—"A round of toast is not enough for breakfast." It's not a square meal.

C. Y. (Acton).—"I've got to stick at my job, whatever happens." Perhaps you are a billposter.

P. B. (Bungay).—"My wife wears a belt made of old coins." A waist of money.

T. C. (Sheffield).—"My wife shouted herself hoarse at the football match last week." Taking her again on Saturday?

P. D. (London, W.).—"I have travelled by the same 'bus for eleven years." On and off, we suppose.

T. P. (Hitchin).—"He called me a prize idiot, and I was annoyed." Why, haven't you ever won?

H. P. (Chelmsford).—"I have built a house out of my winnings at cards." An I-deal Home?

D. N. (Wivenhoe).—"I always think Rugby players look shabby and untidy." But they are often neatly collared.

JOCK (Glasgow).—"A Scotsman is always prepared to fight." Providing it's a free fight, we presume?

T. P. (Manchester).—"I like my butcher as a man, but I do not trust his scales." He has take-in weighs.

G. L. (Finchley).—"I think that the stiff collar should disappear for good." Our laundry seems to share your opinion.

G. K. (Bude).—"I thought several times before writing this letter." Great Scot!—what must the first thought have been like?

S. A. (Epsom).—"I never get a return for my money." You have this time for the stamp you bought for the addressed envelope you enclosed.

G. H. (Woking).—"Do gallery patrons really know a lot about the stage?" Well, they're generally well up in the theatre.

W. A. W. (Blackpool).—"When things were at their blackest I seemed to feel happier!" Your honeymoon train was passing through a tunnel, we presume.

SCIENTIST (Glasgow).—"I am busy concocting a powder which will make anything crumble away." What are you going to keep it in?

MOLLY (Durham City).—"How can I get out of the habit of reading your paper every Thursday morning before I do anything else?" You would be foolish to try.

J. D. C. (Liverpool).—"A woman burglar broke into a house the other night and tied a married man to his armchair." That's one way of securing a husband.

J. C. (Putney).—"I long for the sort of Christmas dinner that Dickens used to write about." Win one of the 500 Christmas Fowls on page 39 and you'll have a dickens of a dinner on December 25.

LOTTIE (Hawkhurst).—"My young man is a chef. Who should do the cooking after we are married?" Let him do the cooking, but see that you handle "the dough."

HUBBY (Maidstone).—"Women are the same, after all." Quite so, after all.

VOCALIST (Eltham).—"I sing to kill time." You have a good weapon.

C. N. (Ashford).—"The tree where we plighted our troth has blissful memories for me." It isn't a pine, then?

T. R. (Amersham).—"I am married, but have no cause for complaint." What about your wife?

MISS R. (Chesham).—"I wonder if I shall ever live to be a hundred." Not if you remain thirty much longer.

UNHAPPY (Welshpool).—"I fell in love with my husband at first sight." You should have had a second look.

AUTHOR (Dorking).—"Modern novels are soon forgotten." Particularly by book borrowers.

STUDENT (Chelsea).—"Why are our modern artists so fond of painting problem pictures?" It's a mystery.

L. J. (Winchester).—"My wife repeated the 'I will' during the wedding service." How many times has she said "I won't" since?

S. V. (Dover).—"Twenty anglers turned up for the competition, but it was only a hoax." They should have appreciated a good catch.

B. V. (Kenton).—"A man often owes his success to the advice he took from his friends." And sometimes to the advice he didn't take.

A. K. (Hackbridge).—"Why do you think I left the theatre, although there were two more acts to come?" Because there were two more acts.

M. E. (Fulham).—"It's a funny sight to see a fat man using a telephone." Especially if he has wedged himself in a call-box.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

THIS

for quick relief from

Constipation

safe . . . pleasant thorough

Nothing removes constipation so pleasantly and thoroughly as Feen-a-Mint. *The chewing does it.* When you chew a Feen-a-Mint, its laxative is released . . . and constipation is banished in a few hours. Feen-a-Mint does not gripe or cause strain. It works gently, naturally and safely, and is non-habit-forming. Enjoy the clean fresh mint flavour . . . Enjoy vigorous, glowing health . . . for less than 1d. a week. Buy Feen-a-Mint *to-day.*

Feen-a-mint

The chewing does it

Obtainable at every chemists, 1/3 a box; or post free from the manufacturers.

★ FREE SAMPLE—obtainable by sending your name and address on a post card to FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LIMITED 15 Rush House, London, W.C.2.

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

DAILY MAIL:—"The opening play was fast, BOTH GOALKEEPERS SCORING well."

EDINBURGH EVENING DESPATCH:—"The man's HEAD tightened on his revolver."

WOMAN'S WEEKLY:—"Even across the road their HEARTS were destined to shake HANDS."

THE WRITER:—"Stamp-licking—everything is done by one PAIR OF EYES and one PAIR OF HANDS."

ESSEX WEEKLY NEWS:—"The chairman proposed the toast of 'The National Union of Agricultural Workers,' which, he said, WAS NOT to improve conditions for the benefit of its members."

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE CATALOGUE:—"I had a costume five years ago and am still wearing it, also a PAIR OF BLANKETS."

SHEFFIELD MAIL:—"A strong force of police was present to keep back THE POLICE."

FALMOUTH PACKET:—"A letter was read from the Society for the PREVENTION of Public Footpaths."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"I SAW my legs COMING AFTER ME on the side of the road."

ANDOVER ADVERTISER:—"For sale, Triumph Motor Cycle, with B.S.A. Side-Car; NO FURTHER USE."

NUNEATON OBSERVER:—"A violin and BOY is given free to each student agreeing to complete a course of lessons at 2s. 6d. weekly."

Dublin Woman Avoids "Dosing" for Head-Colds.

Mrs. M[illegible], 19, Duke Street, Grafton Street, Dublin, says: "My husband felt a cold in the head developing and I persuaded him to give Vick brand Vapour-Rub a trial. He followed your instructions by melting some in boiling water and inhaling the vapours; also inserting a little in each nostril. I am glad to say all traces of the cold had disappeared by the next morning."

Modern external treatment for all kinds of Colds.

Being used externally for colds, "Vick" does not upset the stomach, as too much "dosing" often does. If rubbed on the chest at bedtime, it will act in two ways during the night: (1) through the skin, like a poultice, (2) by its vapours.

Regular size now only 2/-; half size 1/3 at all chemists.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Best for Children's Colds

Mullard

IMPROVES EVERY RADIO RECEIVER

Advt.—The Mullard Wireless Service Co., Ltd., Mullard House, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

FIRE HERO *is Hungry*

ONE night recently, Rosemary's father, a builder's labourer, went to sleep in the room he shared with his wife and three young children, tired out after a day's fruitless search for work.

Rosemary was saved from the flames. Will you save her from hunger?

He woke up, hearing noises in the next room, and when he opened his door, smoke poured in. He caught up Rosemary, aged two years, and his son, aged six, and, calling to his wife, dashed down the blazing staircase.

But she lost her head. So he placed the kiddies on the pavement, and returned for her, pulling an old lady down to safety on his way up.

He found his wife on the floor with the two-months-old baby. Placing her over his shoulder and the baby under his arm, he fought his way through the flames into the street.

Knowing there was a man still in the house, he wanted to go back, but the policemen would not let him go. Then he fainted.

This tragedy followed eight months out of work. He was not insured.

When he appealed for help to replace the food which had been destroyed, as his children were hungry, he was informed he must do forty-two hours' task-work before being granted from four to five shillings' worth of food.

His neighbours were kinder, taking the children for a night or two and providing them with clothes.

Will our good-hearted readers, who have a soft spot for brave deeds, help this unlucky family, by sending subscriptions earmarked for this case to the Hon. Secretary, "War Sufferers' Fund," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Good Morning, Percy! 1s.; Brown Jack, 2s.; Jim (Barrow-in-Furness), 2s. 6d.; Southend Nurse, 3s. 3d.; Mrs J. Cater (Leighton Buzzard), 5s.; W. H. H., 10s.; E. Bowes (Barrow-in-Furness), 10s.; Wellwisher (Brixton Hill), 10s.; Billie, 4½d.; M. Page (Marlow), 1s.; 3a, Cresswell, 1s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; Grimsby, 1s.; A. H. (Fulwell), 2s.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 2s.; O. A. P. (Chatham), 2s. 6d.; H. Hughes (Ashford), 5s.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 6d.; C. J. D., 6d.; God Is Love, 1s.; A Reader (Paulton), 1s.; A Flapper, 10s.; Mrs. A. J. Thurkettle (Gorefield), 5s.; Annie Laurie (Enfield), 5s.; Absent-minded, 4s. 6d.; A Labourer, 3s.; H. R. F., 3s.; M. T. (In Memory of Judy), 2s. 6d.; O. Mason (Maidstone), 6d.; F. C. Brasher, 6d.; Mrs. K. Stirling (Galashiels), 2s.; Feudal (Kineton), 1s. 6d.; James Bowles (Glasgow), 6d.; A Cripple, 1s.; A Wellwisher (Wrexham), 1s.; Mrs. A. Hole, 6d.; F. Cumberpatch, 6d.; Fellow-feeling, 1s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s.; Chichester, 1s.; Laura (Mayfield), 2s 6d.; Home-lover, 1s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; R. Squires (Syston), 2s.; Mrs. M. Harris (Liphook), 4s.; Anon., 4s. 3d.; B. Wall (Paddington), 8s. 4d.; Anon. (Bristol), 14s.; J. R. Seager (Blackheath Hill), 10s.; Mrs. Brown (Marston), 5s.; R. M. (Beaufort Street), 3s.; Miss 1930 (Sidcup), 2s.; Six Years Married, Hard Up but Happy, 2s.; Anehpyrt, 6s.; C. F. Webb (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 10s.; H. Geerstong, 6d.; G. W. Smith (Croydon), 6d.; Anon. (Chester), 2s. 6d.; Miss O. Easton (Coventry), 6d.; Wm. Jeffreys (Loughor), 1s.; Lieut. John J. Gurnett (Leigh-on-Sea), 1s; Anon. (Ilkley), 2s.; M. B. (Bedford), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. J. Sewell (Edgbaston), 6d.; Mrs. H. Sowter (Hucknall), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; A Working Woman, 1s.; Kitty and Cyril, 1s.; "?," 1s. 2d.; Anon. (Trowbridge), 2s.; Anon. (Tutshill), 2s. 6d.; Ernest Denton (Bayswater), 5s.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

FIRE—*friend or foe?*

Sit in its friendly, cheery glow. Watch the flickering shadows on the wall. Dream your dreams. ***And may you never see Fire transformed into a roaring monster, devouring your most precious possessions.*** **A stray spark is sufficient to start a conflagration. Have you registered for our free insurance?**

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Fire Benefits

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of only those who have received cheques on account of Fire damage.

OLDHAM, LANCS.—Mrs. R. Hall, 205, Fuldersfield Rd.
LOUTH, LINCS.—Mr. B. Leeman, Moses Yard, Stenigot.
COPTHORNE, SUSSEX.—Mrs. F. Burgess, Brook Cottage, Brook Hill.
ABERTYSON, GLAM.—Mr. T. Jones, 36, Greenfield St.
GLASGOW, C.2.—Mrs. N. Macdonald, 157, Holm St.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. P. McCutcheon, 6, North Street, Haverton Hill.
WORCESTER.—Mrs. P. Mason, 181, Bilford Row, Rainbow Hill.
MALVERN, WORCS.—Mr. V. Bridges, East View, Cowleigh.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. E. Byard, 82, Cliffynydd Rd., Cliffynydd.
BROMSGROVE, WORCS.—Mr. G. Wood, Langlands Farm, Upton Warren.
GREENGAIRS, BY AIRDRIE.—Mrs. W. Johnston, Kennies Place.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. S. Longden, 35, Queen St., West Gorton.
NR. BARNSLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. E. Williamson, 12, Turner St., Gt. Houghton.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mrs. A. Laws, 31, Kipling Avenue, Blackhall.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. J. A. Anderson, 113, Well Brow Rd., Walton.
NR. PRESTON.—Mr. L. F. Sandman, "Veronica," Nook Glade, Grimsargh.
SOUTHOWRAM, YORKS.—Mr. A. W. Pook, 20, New Street.
MORPETH.—Mrs. I. Readman, 42, Hartside Terrace, Chevington Drift.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mr. J. A. Emery, 64, Robert St., Ynysybwl.
GLASGOW, S.W.—Mrs. [illegible], 18, Drive [illegible].
STOCKTON-ON-[illegible]—Mrs. [illegible]clair, 49, [illegible].
BURNLEY, LANCS.—Mr. [illegible]nard, 50, [illegible].
KILBURN, N.W.—Mr. H. [illegible] Crompton, [illegible].
GATESHEAD.—Mr. [illegible], 39, High St. [illegible].
NORTH WINGFIELD.—Mrs. I. Br[illegible] Cross Row.
BLAENCLYDACH.—Mr. [illegible] Jones, 11, [illegible].
WREXHAM.—Mr. W. [illegible] 10, Grange [illegible].
WOOD GREEN.—Mrs. [illegible] King, 51, Mo[illegible].
DOWNEND, NR. [illegible]—Mrs. [illegible] Westlake, [illegible] Bury Rd.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 1/11/30

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to [illegible] Newsagent for the regular weekly [illegible] JOHN BULL. Please register me [illegible] reader.

.....
Reader's Signature

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

.....Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send [illegible] certificate setting out the full [illegible] conditions and certifying regi[illegible] sent if ½d. stamped addressed [illegible] enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. [J.B., 1/11/30]

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 3/6 Propelled Pencil free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

"20 YEARS YOUNG."

"I have had one of your Pens for over 5[illegible] years. It is as good to-day as the first day I got it. . . ."—P. KILGOUR, Esq., 124, Maryhill Road, Glasgow, N.W.

"John Bull's" Pen Coupon Value 6d.

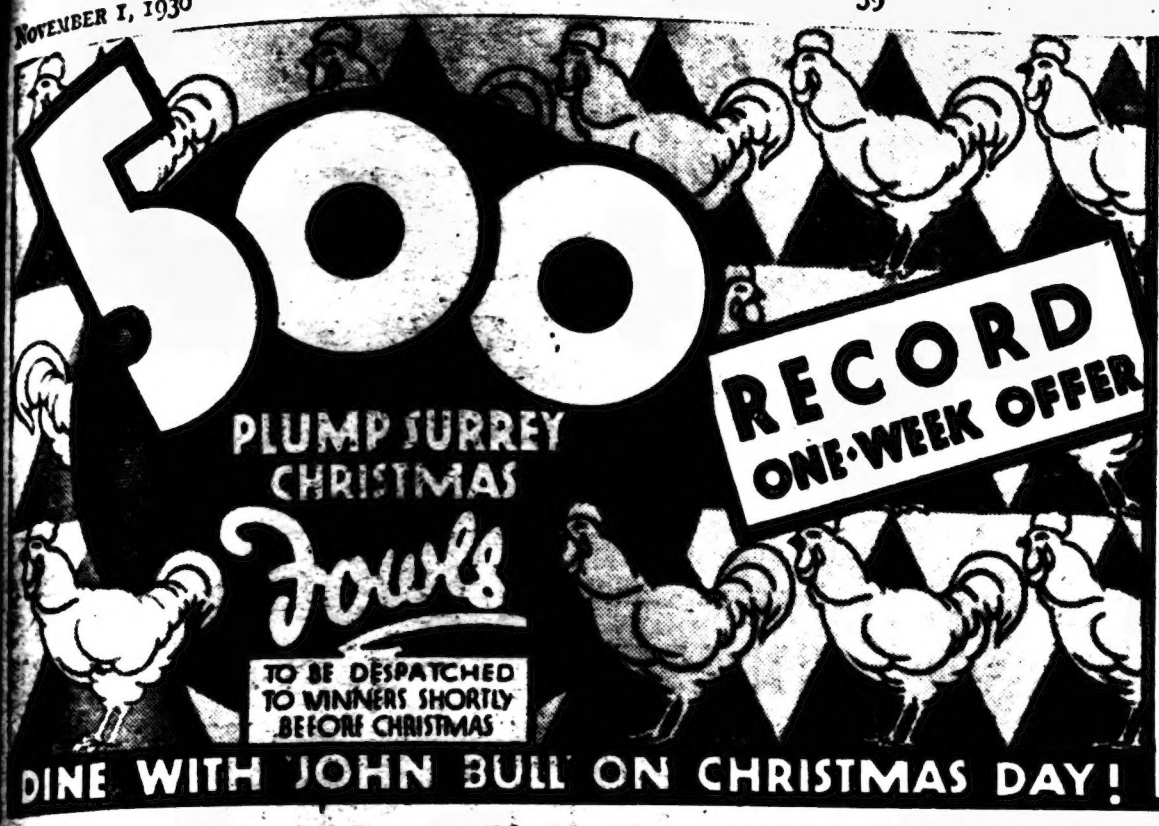
Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



Bullets First Prize

£300

£50 £25

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

250 PRIZES OF 2/6

8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

500 FEASTS—ONE WEEK TO WIN!

"YOU are one of the 500 winners of a plump Surrey Fowl, and it will be despatched to your address in good time for your Christmas dinner."

That is the welcome message which will be received from JOHN BULL November 27 by 500 entrants in this recent one-week offer—may we send you this cheery news of a Christmas feast in store?

Aim high and your effort may be good enough to secure the First Prize £300 or any of the other substantial sums before you this week.

Spend an amusing half-hour with the *Examples* this evening. You have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and a *Bullet* is made.

Here is a specimen; suppose you choose the *Example* LIGHT OF WISDOM. The added words FROM "BONFIRE" OF PREJUDICES would complete a typical *Bullet*. Seek unusual phrasing, but be sure that your meaning is clear.

Below there are 23 further *Bullets*, each of which has won an important prize. Study them carefully and absorb the winning style—then get busy with your Christmas Dinner *Bullets* and see that they are in our hands by Saturday, November 8, the closing date.

£837 10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE OF £600, COMPETITION No. 777:

Mr. A. H. Webber, 198, Edmund Road, Sheffield.

Example:—TAXPAYER'S OPINION

Bullet:—HEEDED NOT—NEEDED HOT

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Dr. J. F. Devlin, 40, Wilmington Square, Rosebery Avenue, London, W.C.

Example: Hates Publicity

Bullet: Husband. If "Husband Of—"

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. V. G. Ferguson, 86, Earls Road, Southampton.

Example: Letting Off Steam

Bullet: Useless Let's Use More!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Miss M. L. BROWN, 468, Sandyhills Road, Glasgow.
Knock For The Tenant—10, Downing Street Condemned."

Mr. A. MacLEOD, Mid-Calder, Glenelg, N.B.
Cheaper Worlds Prices, Not Grocer's.

W. C. MUTTON, Fellowship Inn, Bellingham, London, S.E.
Two Million Year "Hire"—Feeling "Sold."

F. G. PITKIN, Wickford Road, Rayleigh.
Hates Publicity—Actress Shoots Press Agent.

A. PORTER, Mynod, Pinner Road, Harrow.
Two Million Folded Arms, "Hitting" Government

RADCLIFFE, 70, Alexander Street, Ashton-under-Lyne
Standing Up For Himself—British Heavyweight Dope Suspected!
(Entered in "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. RICHARDSON, 95, Forest Gate, Anstey.
Helped Me Most. "Must!"

R. SCOTT, 27, South King Street, Blackpool.
Like A Rocket—Champagne Cork—"Distress" Later.

F. W. SIEBERT, 65, Vivian Avenue, Wembley.
A Red Herring—For "Empty Plates," Communism.

F. WALKER, "The Hollies," Kingsgate, Bridlington.
Every Day—More "Signing"—Power Contracts.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. A. BALDERSTONE, Elm House, Nantwich.
Taxpayer's Opinion—About Wrongs, About Right.

T. BENNETT, 25, Maesteg Grove, Tonteg.
To Live—In Clouds, Risking "Damper."

L. E. R. BOXWELL, 115, Trowbridge Road, Bradford-on-Avon.
Taxpayer's Opinion—Shorn of Trimmings—"Fleeced!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. CARTER, 12, Sydney Cottages, Darlaston.
On Dangerous Ground—Englishman "Feels At Home."

R. DOXON, 67, Oglander Road, Peckham.
Brought Home—His Guilt—His *Departure*.

F. LAUGHTON, The Rosery, Stratford Road, Birmingham.
Every Day—More "Discharged"—"Overloading" Us.

H. LEAVIS, 195, Kay Street, Bolton.
Standing Up For Himself—Feet Planted—Defeat Supplanted.

J. W. MARRIOTT, 6, Leslie Avenue, Hull.
Taxpayer's Opinion—Attracts "Notice"—Yes, Final!

F. PULFORD, 35, Seckford Street, Woodbridge.
Brought Home—Father—"Lesson" For Sonny.

Miss D. SIMKINS, Roxeth Stores, Middle Road, Harrow.
He Had His Chance, But—Liquid "Fuel" Damped "Fire."

A Bet of 50 10/-, 100 Prize Volumes and 500 2/6 winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the first being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their relatives are not eligible to compete.

"Examples" for Competition No. 781.

To The Dominions—The Final Scene—Taking Orders—Doped—Not Looking—Forget The Past And—Tribute To Father—Her Worst Enemy—Proves Golden—Becoming A Habit—"Hullo, Dad!"—Sure To Follow—If London Were Chicago—Slightly—A Good Fairy—When He Gets There—Always Helps—Sleeping Peacefully—Swing Of The Pendulum—Christmas Is Coming, So—Makes Us Think—In The Fog—Joy For Sonny—Shows A Profit—Extending—A Dud One—Unlucky Number—Too Old—One Little Kiss—Like Her—What It's Worth—They've Got a Motor, But.

(Closing Saturday, November 15.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 780

LIGHT OF WISDOM	LADY MAGISTRATE	HEART-TO-HEART TALK
ON EVERY HAND	MEANS NOTHING	SHE GAVE ONE LOOK AND
BLESSING TO MAN	AS THE LAW STANDS	DEFIED
LOWER WAGES	TEST OF ENDURANCE	FORLORN HOPE
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUTH	NO WOMEN	LATER IN LIFE
LIKE A CONJURER	TROUBLESOME	INDEPENDENCE
STINGING	AT THE START	HEATED CONTROVERSY
HUSH-HUSH POLICY	DAMPED HIS ARDOUR	NURSING HIS JOB
FILLING THE GAP	BURNING MONEY	NOT SHOUTING
DECIDEDLY	PRICE OF PROGRESS	HOME'S LIKE HEAVEN IF
WHEN GOVERNMENT ACTS	FROM BEHIND	

Example _____ Closing SAT. Nov. 8
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(780) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Nov. 8
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(780) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Nov. 8
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(780) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Nov. 8
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(780) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 780, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 776 will be displayed in the window of Mr. B. H. Dawson, 7, Halvergate Parade, Burnt Oak, Edgware.

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Or, better still, make sure of the next 13 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—£[illegible] for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 780 have purchased "John Bull."

NEXT WEEK'S SENSATION!

Christmas Dinners!

"He's as much a man as his Dad"

. . said a proud Mother

What more could a mother say? And what less can she say when her boy is growing into such a little man! Keen, self-reliant, he takes a sensible pride in his appearance. Why, already he believes in himself — and that will carry him far.

The Lifebuoy Habit can do these things for any child. Try it. Just like this. Starting to-day, remind them as soon as they come in from school or play to have their Lifebuoy wash. They'll soon learn to look forward to their invigorating scrub. At the end of a week or two they won't need reminding.

And, all the time, this Lifebuoy Habit is the finest safeguard against any germ-carried illness. Lifebuoy is more than a good soap — it's a good habit.

The **LIFEBUOY HABIT**

for health and character

L 494-143 A LEVER PRODUCT

CICFA & INDIGESTION are always at "DAGGERS DRAWN"

Cicfa owes its enormous success to its two-fold action:—(1) It gives prompt relief.

(2) It restores Digestion *because it removes the cause of* Indigestion.

STOMACH INDIGESTION *gives rise to the following* **SYMPTOMS**

ACIDITY with **HEARTBURN.**
GASES with eructations.
NEURALGIC HEADACHES
TONGUE coated white.
COMPLEXION blotchy.
REDNESS of nose.
EATING disliked and Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest.
BURNING SPOT behind left Shoulder-blade.

BOWEL INDIGESTION *gives rise to the following* **SYMPTOMS**

CONSTIPATION with griping pains in Bowel.
FLATULENCE.
Dull, Heavy **HEADACHES.**
ACIDITY causing Lumbago,
RHEUMATISM, Sciatica, etc.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
TONGUE coated yellow.
BILIOUSNESS and bad taste in mouth.

Many say, "I never feel 'fit'"; many more say, "I am constantly in distress or pain. I have a feeling of pressure and pain; a burning pain between the Shoulder-Blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating."

Yet all these pains are due to the same cause as lack of fitness that is, to INDIGESTION.

Those who are unfit, and those who suffer from pain and distress, should know that Digestion **begins** in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is **continued** on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and **completed** in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments on the Starchy food. **WITHOUT THESE FERMENTS DIGESTION COULD NOT OCCUR.**

Cicfa both adds to and stimulates the secretion of the natural Digestive Ferments AND SO RESTORES DIGESTION. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards, Fermentation is checked, Flatulence decreases, and the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing all the tissues and producing *a feeling of perfect fitness* throughout the body.

Of all Chemists

Price 1/3 & 3/-

(The 3/- size contains treble quantity).

FREE

10 MEAL TEST SUPPLY SEND NOW

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal sample of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.
THE CICFA COMPANY,
8, Duke Street, Manchester Sq., London, W.1.
John Bull 1/11/30

FREE!

Many happy hours can be spent by you and your children in the company of an interesting book offered free in the advt. on page 28. *Simply fill in the coupon.*

MOTOR TYRES

WE DELIVER Carriage Paid anywhere in U.K. every size of DUNLOP, GOODYEAR, INGRA and other first-class makes for Cars, Motor Cycles, and Commercial Vehicles, on receipt of a small deposit with order. Balance in 6 monthly payments. Only 5% added for deferred payment facilities. Catalogue free, or write for size and make you want. SO years character for honest dealing. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

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